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TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

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VOL. III.—No. 144.]

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WEEK ENDING APRIL 22, 1893.

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Guaranteed Bittered from Hops only.
EVERYBODY SHOULD TRY IT.

OTTO HEHNER, Public Analyst for Nottinghamshire, South Derbyshire, West Sussex, Isle of Wight, and the Borough of Derby and Hyde, reports:—
I have satisfied myself that in their manufacture none but good wholesome materials are employed; that the amount of alcohol contained in them is exceedingly minute; and that the whole of the bitter is derived from Hops. I have further satisfied myself that the preparation of these beverages is such as to ensure their keeping in an unaltered and sound condition.
(Signed) OTTO HEHNER, Public Analyst.
The Laboratory, 11, Billiter Square, E.C., Feb. 27th, 1893.

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FOR PRESERVING THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
From the effects of the SUN, WINDS, HARD
WATER, &c. It entirely removes and prevents all
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PURE MINERAL WATERS.

PURVEYORS OF BOTTLED BEER TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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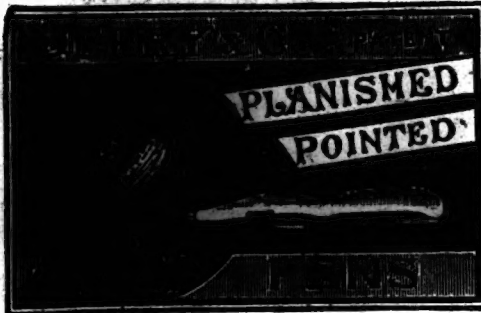
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ASK AT ALL TOBACCO SHOPS, STATIONERS, ETC., AND VARE NO OTHER.

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The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in packets containing 12, and boxes of 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov. 1892, is of interest to every smoker:—
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Snow," says:—"I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the 'Review of Reviews' for a scheme to supply smokers in workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances; but unfortunately my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I am, however, a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.' (This is not an advertisement, I assure, therefore, a cheque for the amount.)"

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SECOND GREAT HANDWRITING
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See Announcement in last Issue, Page 611.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS, STORES, &c.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

VOL. III.—No. 114.]

WEEKLY

WEEK ENDING APRIL 22, 1893.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ORIGIN OF THE TIDES.

This morn'g, a lady robed in white,
It was the dawn of the sea,
And whispered, "Take me! By thy night,
Embrace me, seize me, set me free,
From endless bondage to the night!"

The brave sea rose to do her will,
And towered his pale arms high in air;
The day was glorified in a thrill
That shook far coasts and islands fair,
Yet the pale maid rode higher still.

The bold surge, wrestling with defeat,
Threw foaming masses high—in vain.
At last he sighed, "Alas, lady sweet,
Thou art too great. But thou shalt reign
My queen. My heart shall rise to greet
The daily dancing of thy feet."

A LIVE DOLL.

A LITTLE girl was one day playing before the house,
When a woman appeared and begged a few pence.
She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted
With the little thing that she asked the woman if she
would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter-
question.

"Half-a-crown,"

"Very well," said the woman. "It's a nice little money."

It was produced and the girl's completed. The little girl
took the baby, carried it upstairs, and laid it on her bed,
and after she had played with it a bit, scampered down-
stairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always
wanted one, and now I've got it!"

The baby was found and the story frankly told; but
though the beggar woman was sought all over the town
no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the
baby's little "owner" begged no hand that it should be
kept, that the parents yielded, and the living doll became
a household blessing.

ABOUT OUR THATCH.

THREE are three reasons why women's hair is longer
than a man's. First, because no hair growth on her face,
and so has a larger supply of hair forming material for
the scalp; second, the diameter of her hair being larger,
it is less liable to break; third, being usually less en-
gaged in mental labour or business worry, she has a more
constant and even supply of blood to the scalp.

In nations where the hair of the men is usually worn
short, the fashion of long hair in the male is regarded as
a protest against Church and State, and against general
customs, taste, and thought. In Austria it is made a
political offence to be so clothed.

The growth of the hair is most rapid in the young and
middle-aged and in those living an out-of-door life. At
the age of eighty, if a man lives so long, and if his hair
and beard have been closely trimmed, he has cut off six
and a half inches of hair annually, or about thirty feet
in all.

The hair is the least destructible part of the body.
The hair of the ancient Egyptians is after a lapse of four
thousand years, found to have survived the tomb. The
pyramids and the Sphinx are crumbling, but some of the
wigs of human hair deposited to the mould and the dust
of their entombment, and have been destroyed than the
monuments themselves.

There are three coloring pigments in the hair—
yellow, red, and black—and all the shades are produced
by the mixture of these colors. In young, golden yellow
hair there is only the yellow pigment, in black and
mixed with yellow, and in black and mixed with red
and yellow.

As the hair of the negro grows longer and longer, and
as in the reddest hair, and had the black hair been
developed, the hair of all negroes would be as deep red
as the reddest hair of a white man.

IN HONOUR OF THE DAY.

London had a great day of petitioning on the 11th inst.,
and the first morning when the petitioners in the
more dignified vestments, he was proud indeed.

"I hope no better than petitioners, and they know it,"
he said, looking complacently down at his shabby
coat.

"Very much better."

"Do you suppose I shall not notice them?"

"A very few, perhaps."

"I shall," said he a moment later, remembering the
defining indication of very important occasions, "do
you suppose the shops will be closed?"

A BIRD'S ENDURANCE.

During a recent trip across the Atlantic the pas-
sengers on one steamer had a vivid illustration of the
endurance of the stormy petrel. Shortly after the ship
had left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were
observed at the stern. One had been captured at
some previous time, and its captor had tied a bit of red
ribbon round its neck and leg.

Two bits of red made the bird very conspicuous, and it
could be easily identified. That bird, with others that
could not be so easily distinguished, followed the ship
right across the ocean.

Hardly during the daytime at least, was it out of
sight, and if for a hour or two it was lost to view while
feeding on the surface, it soon reappeared, and the last
sight of it was within a few miles of Sandy
Hook, when it was lost to sight.

Well, it is the fact is considered that the ship day and
night went at an average speed of nearly twenty miles
an hour, the best performed by the daring traveller can
be appreciated.

BISMARCK AND THE MILLIARDS.

A new story about Bismarck—the great Bismarck we
used to know—is something of a rarity. This, I think,
has never appeared in type before. It was at Versailles,
in that fateful February of 1871, when there had just
been a great and the proclamation of the new Germany
and humbled France were struggling over the bargain of
peace.

It was already apparent that France was to play a
prominent part in the settlement, and some of the
ablest and strongest financiers of Germany and France
had been brought westward to Versailles for counsel and
assistance.

At their head was Herr Schuler, the leading brain
in the great Bismarckian combination. But even he
saw that the responsibility of managing alone so vast
a transfer of coined wealth as was contemplated, and
he saw that his father-in-law, Alexander Mendel, whom
he regarded as the astutest and most capable money
manager in Europe, should be sent for from London.

There was a dinner, and old Mr. Mendel attended the con-
ferences held between the parties to the negotiations. It
was at one of these that Bismarck, pressed hurriedly to
name the minimum war indemnity which the new
German Empire would consent to take, started out those
tremendous words, "Five milliards."

There was dead silence for a moment. Then Jules
Favre, springing to his feet, poured out a rhetorical and
impassioned protest against this vast exaction.

"How can you reticent," he asked the Chancellor, "in
demanding such a vast sum of money—really money?
Why, if a man, immortally preserved against our
coming mortality, had been born on the very first day of
our Christian era, and had ever since gone on night and
day, adding these prices one by one on a pile, he would
never even by this time have got such a vast quantity as
five milliards."

"I should not say so," said Herr Schuler, "but I should
say that it is a very large sum."

"It is a very interesting story about the Chancellor's
day," said Mr. Mendel, "a Jew. He has been
in the world for over 4000 years before your fellow
begins. So you see it is all right."

ADDED WORD COMPETITION.

No. 1.

Every word in the list of languages will then have
a numerical value. For instance, "again" will be repre-
sented by 25. 100.

a	1
b	2
c	3
d	4
e	5
f	6
g	7
h	8
i	9
j	10
k	11
l	12
m	13
n	14
o	15
p	16
q	17
r	18
s	19
t	20
u	21
v	22
w	23
x	24
y	25
z	26

Words from the list of languages, Twenty-five Pencil-
cases, and Twenty-five Pocket-knives to correct com-
petitors. The boxes will be given to the first and
every twenty-five. The Pencil-cases to the second
and every twenty-five. The Pocket-knives to the third
and every twenty-five. In each case the prizes stop
when twenty-five have been awarded. The prizes are
offered this week to those who find the word with the
greatest numerical value in the current instalment
—page 100 and part of 104—of the serial story, THE
ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION. Name, page, column,
and line in which the word appears. Post-cards only,
please.

Man: "Do you prefer blonde men?"
Beau: "No, I prefer old gold—very old, and
plenty of gold."

Prattly every man has the collecting fever at least one
time in his life. It may be coins, or it may be foreign
stamps, but the very worst form of the disease is that
which comes when he is vainly trying to collect money
enough to pay his bills.

"You are waiting too hard," said a policeman to a
man who was driving a horse and cart at five o'clock in
the morning.

"What's that?" asked the bargee in a discontented
tone.

"I say you need arse!"

Active Nonsense (loudly). "You've got a bite
under?"

Lazy Avenger (testily): "Yes, I know I
have, but that's no reason why you should wake me up
just as I was having a comfortable dose. Worst thing
about fishing is that one does get a bite sometimes; good
mind to clout your head!"

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon
yesterday?" asked a young preacher.

"Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair
chance at them ere sermons of yours. There's old Miss
Smithie, Winder Giff's fly-liner's darters, 'n Nabby Birt,
'n all the rest, a setting in front of me with their mouths
wide open, a swallowin' down all the best parts of the
sermon, 'n what gets down to me is putty poor stuff,
parson—putty poor stuff!"

"Darned," said the young man, as he tenderly raised
the lovely head from the place where it had rested an
hour or more, got up, sat down again on the other side of
the bed, and drew the covers over his head, and
to his face, and he had a objection to the change of
position.

"No, Angel," said the young man, "I don't
mind that."

"Yes, my angel," said the young man, "I don't
trembling with deep feeling, and he got
work alike on both sides!"

JULES PARNE GONE!

I WAS sitting on a green-painted, trekked bench beneath the eaves of the "Fleur-de-Lis," one of those low, rambling, isolated inns, picturesque and with a history, that you may fall upon almost unexpectedly in many parts of France.

By my side, his chin resting on his hands, his elbows on the rough table, sat Jules Parné, my old friend and companion, with whom I was now on a walking tour through that lovely stretch of country that lies between the Loire on the east and the Auvergne on the west.

Both of us were silent, admiring the wooded slopes in the distance, behind which the sun was about to go down. And as I looked along the horizon, letting my eye rest now and again at some exceptionally fine piece of landscape, I saw a magnificent clump of trees, the leaves of which autumn had just tinged with her multi-coloured brush. Above it a tall white house reared its head; the effect was striking.

"To whom does that mansion belong?" I asked, addressing the innkeeper, who was leaning against the doorpost, in white sleeves and apron.

"That is the Château Tourné, m'sieur. It is owned by a most eccentric gentleman, le Marquis de Tourné. He is said to be immensely wealthy, but is a great recluse. At the same time, he likes strangers to call at the château and refresh themselves. From the hill behind the château you can obtain one of the finest views in the south of France. If I mistake not you will do well to take the walk this evening, for the sunset to be seen from the place will be one that will repay your trouble of walking a hundredfold. Let me see," looking at his watch, "you have now half an hour before the sun goes down. It will take you that time, quick walking, to reach the spot. I should advise you to go, m'sieurs. There is no time like the present. Tomorrow it may be wet."

I turned to Jules:

"Do you feel equal to the walk?"

He was silent for a moment.

"By all means, dear Simon," leaning back and throwing up a cloud of smoke. "We will take the opportunity of paying a visit to M. le Marquis at the same time."

"He is away from the château at present," chimed in the landlord; "but you will find his servant most hospitable. And you will need a pick-me-up if you intend to arrive there before sundown, for," again consulting his watch, "the time is already reduced to five-and-twenty minutes."

We set off at a quick pace, whistling and singing snatches of songs, and swinging our sticks.

The road lay through exquisitely pretty country; so pretty, indeed, that neither could refrain from contemplating it over a gate at every opportunity. Thus we lost time.

We came to four cross roads, and took that running east, as the innkeeper had told us. Jules was in excellent spirits.

In a short time we arrived at the beautiful clump of oaks, and stood back in the roadway to admire the richly-tinted leaves. My companion was a very son of Nature. Over the delicate hues he went into raptures, quoting passages that spoke of such things from the poets; striking attitudes that were comical but which he meant to be poetical.

I tried to make him understand that unless he came on the sunset we had come so far to see would have ended before we reached the hill top.

"I cannot be interrupted now, good Simon. We must come another time to view the sunset. At present I am with the poets. You go on. I will follow and meet you at the château. Go, now." Then he burst into an impassioned strain, and I fled, passing through the wood, and emerged at the foot of the slope from the top of which I was to see the sun go down.

On the left stood the tall, white house, a grand pile. I struggled up the incline. The view from the summit was a magnificent one. I threw myself down on the spongy grass, and revelled in it. The landscape exceeded my anticipations, and I felt sorry for my friend down below who was so silly as to prefer the sight of a few paltry leaves to what now lay before me.

The sun went down, and I made my way back to the house. I had spent more time than I had intended in enjoying the scenery, and feared that Jules might have got there before me.

I knocked, and was admitted. No, Jules had not yet arrived, and I was glad.

M. le Marquis was away, but Pierrot, his servant, would be glad to entertain such honoured guests. Sitting down on a comfortable couch, I conversed with the old man as to his master, while he set ready refreshments.

I found that the Marquis was extremely rich, given to many odd fancies, oftentimes mad ones, generous to peasants on his lands, abominating strangers, but, though keeping himself invisible, insisting upon their accepting hospitality at his hands.

When the meal was prepared, Jules had not arrived. I drew ludicrous imaginary pictures of the way he was posturing in the high road in front of the trees, and laughed to myself.

At the end of half an hour he had not come. Our conversation grew heavy. Pierrot suggested that I should look through the house, and I acceded, glad of something to do.

We went from one room to another, the old man explaining many curious things that I saw. We issued into a large conservatory, in which was a glass case containing a huge serpent, which lay asleep, having just feasted, Pierrot told me. This was one of the Marquis's eccentricities.

In the centre of the room a beautiful fountain played. I had never seen one of the kind before. It represented the four seasons, impersonated by four maidens sculptured in marble, who threw back their heads and emitted streams of many coloured waters, which, blending a short distance in the air, sent forth a spray of variegated drops that was superb to look upon.

Many other things of the kind did I see, the flowers, the birds; and when we returned to the room in which the meal was laid it was growing dark.

But Jules was still away, and I was getting anxious. I wondered if he had altered his mind and gone to the hill-top after I had left, or whether he had shirked the ascent through the wood altogether and was waiting for me in the road, or whether, as I had known him to do before in a paroxysm of forgetfulness, he had overlooked the fact of my existence and returned to the inn.

Then a sudden and violent fear took possession of me. I went and stood at the door and called. I shouted his name a dozen times, but he did not answer. I ran out and scanned the outline of the hill. There was no sign of anyone. I turned and hurried along the path that led through the wood.

In less than a minute I stumbled across a hat. I recognised it as belonging to Jules. A few feet further on lay his stick. I gathered them up, trembling in every limb, with forebodings of evil. I tried to shout, but my tongue was paralysed. Half fearful lest I really might come across it, I searched for the body of my poor friend, having a vague idea that it must be about. But no trace of anything that would tend to throw a light upon his disappearance could I find.

My agitation increased every moment; I scarcely knew what I was doing. I did not stop to reason, or to return to the château, or to search the wood further.

With a half-formed hope that he had gone back to the tavern, leaving his hat and stick in an attempt to frighten me, I leapt the stile, and ran away towards the inn, along the road. In ten minutes I became exhausted, and slowed down to a walk, breathing heavily.

It was dark. On either side of the road the steep banks piled up their heights; the hedgerows which crowned them almost met above; through the long gaping slit thus formed the stars shone. The air was perfectly calm.

Every nerve in my body seemed stretched until ready to crack. The slightest sound—the rustling of a leaf, the displacement of a piece of earth that came rumbling down the bank, the chirrup of an insect—sent a quiver through my frame, and I found my hands cold and clammy.

The lights of the inn appeared, and I entered the yard breathlessly. As the landlord came forward I threw myself on a bench.

"Has Monsieur Parné returned?" I asked. He opened his eyes wide.

"Returned? No, m'sieur, he has not. But why are you so agitated? Are you unwell, m'sieur?"

Gulping down a glass of water, I told him what I knew, showing him the hat and stick. He was alarmed, and immediately saddled a couple of horses.

We rode for an hour, when the nearest town was reached. The chief of the gendarmerie came back with a couple of men, and stood guard over the wood till day-break, when a search that revealed nothing was made.

There was a disused well at one corner of the copse; nothing was discovered in this. Every pond within a radius of a couple of leagues was dragged; hedges, ditches, tree-trunks, were examined by the police and the people who came to help, but nothing was found.

Charitable folk suggested that Parné had found it advisable to fly the country, but I knew better than that. His money matters were perfectly straight, his love affairs eminently satisfactory, and no man could have been more happy.

One reasonable solution to the mystery presented itself once to me: that excessive indulgence in poetic ecstasy had deranged his mind, and with the cunning of a madman he had expunged all traces of his departure, and left his hat and stick behind to throw us off the scent. But the most stringent inquiries were instituted, and I found that it would have been impossible for him to have disappeared in this fashion without being seen by someone.

I stayed a fortnight longer at the "Fleur-de-Lis," searching for my friend, and mourning his loss, and then sent his portmanteau back to his relatives with an explanatory letter.

Then I returned to Paris down-hearted, and left the spot where poor Parné had disappeared from the face of the earth as cleanly as if, by some miracle, he had returned to the dust from which he had sprung.

Four years later I passed through the same district, putting up at the "Fleur-de-Lis."

The innkeeper whom I had met before was still there. Naturally it was not long before the conversation turned on the strange event that had taken place during my last visit. Nothing further had transpired, he told me, and the mystery had remained a mystery.

By that strange destiny of Fate which dogs our footsteps wherever we may be, it was ordained that I, as the last man who had seen poor Parné alive, should be the one to unravel the mystery of his disappearance.

I sat on one of the green trekked benches outside the door—the same one, I believe, as that on which I had been seated on that eventful evening—when a decrepit old man appeared hobbling along the road, and coming towards the inn.

I amused myself by watching his movements and noting how painfully he seemed to drag himself along. At that moment the sharp ring of a bell sounded behind him, and before I could spring up a bicycle, rider and old man were heaped up in a cloud of dust.

We separated the three and found the old fellow stunned. In the tap-room he opened his eyes and we gave him brandy.

By signs he made known his wish to speak to me. I bent down and he whispered in my ear:

"I have seen you before, sir."

In vain I racked my brain to bring up the image of his face.

"Were you not here four years ago?"

"Yes," I replied, still ignorant of his identity.

"Did you visit the Château Tourné?"

The mention of this name brought to my recollection the figure of an old man, the servant to the Marquis de Tourné. Then I knew that he and the old fellow before me were the same persons.

He was weak, and talking pained him. He motioned to me to listen. I did so.

"You remember the man—his name I forget—who went as if into the earth. He went, and no one knew whither. Yes? You have cause to recollect? Ah, I am so weak." He lay aback, closed his eyes, while his lips moved.

"That evening, in my master's absence, through my carelessness the box—the serpent—escaped from its cage into the wood. I went out to find it. It had been starved before, and I knew that it was dangerous. In half an hour I found it. It had eaten. It was asleep. 'A sheep,' I said, and dragged it back. A knock at my door, and you came. I was pleased that I had found it, and proud to show it to you. You missed your friend. You went, called, shouted, and did not come back till the next day. Then I trembled and waited. I guessed all. But why should I have spoken? No one was accused of murder. If all had been known I and my master would have been seized. There was nothing to gain by speaking—everything to lose. So I held my tongue, while the words I refused to let escape burned into my brain. No one knew till this day. You were the only one I should ever have told. Heaven forgive me now. But I did no wrong in keeping silent. Did I? Did I?"

He raised himself on the bench, and looked at me with glassy eyes, then fell back.

He never heard my reply.

I sat down, burying my face in my hands, and thought. Poor Jules had stood in the roadway, pouring out his rhymes to the gaired oaks; had at the finish entered the woods with the intention of following me; had been seized, crushed, devoured by the serpent, hanging probably from some branch beneath which Jules walked. Shortly afterwards the servant had found the animal and taken it back. But why had he not spoken at the time? My poor Jules. What a death!

EVERY woman is sorry for some other woman on account of something her husband told her about the other woman's husband.

TRAVIS: "But really you must excuse me now, gentlemen, I have pressing business elsewhere."

Bloodgood (aside to Betty): "What he says is true. This is the evening when Travis calls on his girl."

SWEET GIRL: "Is your love for me absolutely unselfish?"

Adoré: "Absolutely."

Sweet Girl: "Then I wish you'd go somewhere else to-night. Jack Hanson promised to call."

A MAN rushed wildly from a public-house to a doctor's, and exclaimed:

"Doctor, I've just swallowed a live toad for a wager: give me something to make me sick—quick!"

The doctor eyed the excited man for a moment, and then quietly observed:

"Well, if a live toad won't make you sick, I've nothing in my surgery that will."

THE stage manager of one of the Glasgow theatres was well-known for his impetuous and hasty temper. On one occasion a drama was put on in which a snowstorm occurred.

Some men were sent up into the flies with brown paper bags filled with little pieces of white paper, which they let fall to represent snow. Suddenly the shower stopped.

"What's your snow?" roared the irate manager.

"We have no more white paper," came a loud whisper from above.

"Then snow broon, ye fools! snow broon!" was the manager's response.

A COLD-AIR CURE.

DR. BRIAND, the young and famous French medico, who with Dr. Vellon, has made the Villejuif Hospital famous for its cures, has discovered or invented a new cure for consumption. We have had the cold-water cure, and now we are going to have the cold fresh-air cure!

Slowly accustoming the patient to the action of air, Dr. Briand first opens the window, then moves the bed on which the "subject" is lying every day a little nearer to it. The last stage of the cure consists in sleeping in the open air, regardless of wind, rain, or snow.

It is said that the four patients who submitted to the kill-or-cure treatment last winter have gone home to their families rejoicing, every consumptive symptom having disappeared. This way of curing consumption is not absolutely new, having been first tried some years ago at Falkestein.

HARD LINES ON HIM.

AN old countryman was sitting on a bench on the London Bridge floating landing-stage of the penny steamboat system on the Thames. Suddenly he arose from his seat, accosted a passing gentleman, and inquired:

"Eh, can you tell me what time the boat leaves?"

"Why, there's a boat leaving every few minutes or so," was the reply.

"Every few minutes, or so, eh? Well, what's the reason this boat don't start, then?"

"What boat?"

"W'y, this 'ere boat."

"Man alive! this isn't the boat; this is the landing-stage!"

"You don't say so! The landing-stage?" said the old man, "and here I've been waiting three hours for the confounded thing to start for Chelsea."

MAKING FREE OF THE BATH.

THE Haytian gentleman who would express the utmost courtesy to a stranger in Port-au-Prince invites him to use his bath—the highest distinction he can offer, and one most gratefully appreciated, if the stranger is staying at the one hotel of the capital.

Every Haytian with any claims whatever to respectability has a private bath—a large swimming-bath, as a rule—through which the clear, cold mountain stream is running, and in which he dives many times a day. These swimming baths are latticed pavilions, standing near the villas, square or circular, broad steps leading down to them.

They are usually about three feet deep, but sometimes deeper, and are furnished with every convenience for bathing.

Port-au-Prince, with its several shortcomings, has no lack of water, and its people, even the poorest, bathe frequently. The water supply of the city is in the un-failing springs upon the mountains, and is brought down in pipes, and made to flow along the sides of the main street—that is when not impeded by filth and rubbish. Once there was a great bath for horses in the city, but that is now in ruins.

A POST-OFFICE IN THE FAR WEST

AN American contributor states that an agent of the Post-Office who was recently visiting various offices in Montana territory for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of postmasters stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the post-office he found the room divided into three sections: first a saloon, next the post-office, and last a faro bank. The mail bag was brought in, a rough-looking customer opened it and emptied the contents on the floor.

The entire crowd at once got down on their knees, and selected such as they wanted.

After they were through the remaining letters were shoved into a candle-box and placed in the bar. The special agent, thinking the office needed a little regulating, asked the bar-tender, who had received and distributed the mail, if he was the postmaster. He answered, "No."

"Are you the assistant postmaster?"

"No."

"Where is the postmaster?"

"Out mining."

"Where is the assistant postmaster?"

"Gone to Hall's Canyon."

The Government official then stated who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The bar-tender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, placed it on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying, "There's yer post-office, and now git."

The agent says, "Knowing the customs of the country I lost no time in following this advice, and got." That office is discontinued.

LEGAL IMPERTINENCE.

HONEST witnesses anxious to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do not receive from the Bench the protection to which they are entitled. They are badgered, brow-beaten, and sometimes made to commit involuntary perjury by "smart" lawyers, "the Court" smiling the while, and seeming to enjoy the overbearing insolence of the Bar. It is a disgrace to the dignity of justice that such things are permitted, and even tacitly encouraged.

Why should a respectable citizen be brought into court to be made a butt for the stale wit and libellous innuendoes of so-called professional gentlemen? Why should judges allow the ordinary courtesies of life to be violated every day in the tribunals, where if anywhere the rules of decency and decorum should be rigidly enforced? Why should a pert counsel be permitted to imply by his mode of examination that a gentleman and a man of honour, whom he knows to be such, has appeared in the witness-box for the express purpose of perjuring himself, and is upon the whole a suspicious character?

Is it not enough that an honest man should be taken from his business without compensation to testify in a case in which he has no personal interest, but he must have his reputation assailed and his feelings wrung by a lawyer who is paid for the job?

A CLEVER RETORT.

LAST year Mr. Gladstone was dining at the house of a Liberal member of Parliament in London, and the guests invited to meet him were several members of the House of Lords, old friends of his, most of whom had been created peers by him, and added to the very small number of Liberals in the House of Lords.

After dinner, when the gentlemen rose from table to join the ladies in the drawing-room, as they were going out, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, who was in front, drew back, saying, "After you, Mr. Gladstone."

The latter replied, "No, after you. I respect my peers; there are so few of them."

Lord Hamilton still persisted in drawing back, saying, "No, after you. I respect my maker."

THE HISTORY OF THE TYPEWRITER.

THE invention of the typewriter, like that of every other epoch-making machine, was not a matter of a few years. The production of a practical writing machine was the result of more than a century and a half of scientific experiments, culminating in the construction of a successful instrument some twenty years ago.

The first attempt in this direction of which we have any record was made by an Englishman, Henry Mills, in 1714. His specification was lodged in the Patent Office in that year, but, as it was unaccompanied by drawings, we have little or no knowledge of its mechanical details.

In 1784 a French machine for embossing letters upon paper for the use of the blind was invented. Between that date and 1843 there is no record of any attempt to make a typewriter. In the latter year a patent was taken out by Charles Thurber, an American, who constructed a practical, though extremely cumbersome, writing machine, the types of which were arranged round the under surface of a horizontal wheel, which wheel the operator turned until the required type was over the printing point on the paper. He then depressed the corresponding key, and the character was thus printed.

In 1856 a Mr. A. E. Beach (afterwards one of the proprietors of THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN) patented an instrument for embossing letters on paper for the use of the blind. The appearance of this machine is noteworthy because its main principle was somewhat similar to that embodied in later writing machines. The type-bars were arranged round a circle, and converged to the centre when operated by means of keys.

Numerous attempts in the same direction followed, but none were successful until 1867, when a typewriter was constructed by three inventors. The chief of these, Mr. O. Latham Sholes, had had his attention called to an article in THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, relative to the writing machine invented by a Mr. John Pratt, and exhibited before the Society of Arts in London.

In this article it was stated that the inventor of a successful writing machine would not only secure a fortune, but would confer a blessing upon humanity. This article, however, did little more than suggest the construction of such a machine, for the typewriter upon which Sholes set to work, with the co-operation of another inventor, S. W. Soule, and a capitalist Carlos Glidden, was constructed on entirely different lines. The writing was done by means of pivotted types set in a circle and capable of being brought separately to the centre of that circle.

In September, 1867, the first machine was finished. It was practical inasmuch as letters were written with it, but was so far from perfect that between 1867 and 1873 Sholes was constantly employed in developing details. Some twenty-five or thirty experimental typewriters

were made, each a little better than its predecessor, but all full of defects.

Meanwhile Glidden and Soule had long since retired from the concern; but Sholes had confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking and persevered, with the result that in 1873 his machine was considered sufficiently practical to be taken for manufacture on a large scale to Messrs. E. Remington and Sons, of Ilion, N.Y.

That the machine did good work at this stage is evident from the fact that it was regularly used by a large number of professional men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, etc. But many improvements required to be made before the machine could be generally acceptable, and for the majority of these improvements Sholes is responsible.

In 1882 the commercial success of the machine really began, when all rights connected with the Remington were acquired by Messrs. Wyckoff, Seaman, and Benedict.

At that time only some 1,500 machines were being made by them per annum, whereas at the present time over 800 Remingtons are being made every week, a complete typewriter for every five minutes of the working day.

The growth of the industry has been largely due to the fact that commercial firms and public companies, as well as professional men, have come to appreciate the advantages attaching to the use of the typewriter. This may be illustrated in our own country. In some fifty Government departments, and by upwards of thirty British railways, the Remington is used, the London and North Western Company alone having over 150 in constant use. Within the next few years there will scarcely be a commercial firm of any repute without its equipment of typewriters.

HE: "So you don't know that if I might linger by you forever I should be another man?"

SHE: "Well, it will be another man that does linger there."

"THE Manners that Win" is the title of a new work on etiquette. This, we presume, is intended to teach a man how to look unconcerned when he holds seven trumps.

PARAGRAPHER: "Here's a funny paper with a lot of jokes that you might use."

MINSTREL MAN (with dignity): "We never use printed jokes that were got up before the art of printing was discovered."

PRETTY WIFE: "I knew you'd like this new hat, darling. It is so becoming, and nothing could be simpler, could it?"

DARLING (thoughtfully): "Nothing, except the man that has to pay a guinea for it."

FIRST TRAVELLER: "Does your daughter speak the languages?"

SECOND TRAVELLER: "Not to any extent! She can say 'yes,' though, in five of them, in case any foreign nobleman should ask her to marry him."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it but it's true that these weights are so delicate that they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair."

"And which weighs the less?"

"The lighter one."

PEACEMAKER: "But, my dear man, why cannot you and your wife agree to live in harmony?"

DEAR MAN: "That's just it. I am agreed, but she isn't. I, of course, want her to harmonise with me, but she insists that I shall harmonise with her. Just like a woman, you know. Bound to have her own way."

POOR WIFE (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake): "Charlie, Charlie, do stop snoring. Turn over on your side." (Nudges him.)

HUSBAND, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side, and continues to snore. Wife has happy idea. Remembers a line from an article, called "How to Prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt.

"Oh, Charlie. If you keep your mouth shut you'd be all right."

Charlie (still semi-conscious): "So would you."

MOTHER (anxiously): "I am told that your husband plays cards every night at the club; plays for money, too."

MARRIED DAUGHTER: "That's all right. He gives me all his winnings—"

"What, do you?"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband has won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1382. Which False Theory has longest Retarded Scientific Research?

The geocentric theory of Ptolemy, which was propounded in the second century, and which was accepted as the basis of all astronomical questions for fourteen centuries. The earth was regarded as a fixed body poised in the centre of the universe, round which the sun, moon, and planets revolved. This theory, which gave our earth an exaggerated importance in the system, was at last proved false in the sixteenth century by Copernicus, who transferred the centre of the universe from the earth to the sun, and showed that the phenomena of day and night were caused by the earth's rotation on its axis. With his proofs as a basis, the study of astronomy has made progress unequalled by that of any other science considering the magnitude of the field of research. Considering, too, that the science of navigation depends absolutely, and those of geography, geology, and chemistry very largely, on the correctness of astronomical conclusions, it must be granted that the geocentric theory by making astronomical progress impossible also most retarded scientific research in general.

1391. In the event of Britain becoming involved in a general European War, which Article of Commerce would probably go up most in Price?

No doubt in such a case many luxuries—such, for instance, as genuine champagne—would jump enormously in value at first; but then the demand would sink, until the consumption would become insignificant. Of indispensable articles, the answer would probably lie between saltpetre and wheat. The former, as the principal ingredient in gunpowder, would no doubt rise enormously. Even the Russo-Turkish war increased its price 100 per cent. in this country, and, of course, a general war would send it up almost indefinitely. Wheat, thanks to the artificial difficulties of growing it at home, would also rise very much; but this rise would largely depend on the maintenance of communications with American and colonial markets. As long as these were kept open, wheat would probably not more than double in price in consequence of risk of freightage; but as at least 50 per cent. of our wheat must come over sea, anything like a successful blockade would drive it up to ruinous prices, until we should have to surrender or starve. Last year wheat averaged 52s. 4d. a quarter; in 1812, a year of almost general war, it stood at 126s. 6d., the highest price it has ever reached.

1392. Which was the most Ignominious Treaty ever concluded by Britain in her own Disfavour?

The treaty of Versailles, concluded in 1783 between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America. In loss of territory alone the result of this treaty was infinitely more costly to Britain than any other treaty she ever concluded. But it was peculiarly ignominious in consequence of the fact that the disgrace attaching to it was entirely the result of stupidity and mismanagement at home and misgovernment abroad. We forced the colonists to revolt by the grossest injustice, and then we entrusted the conduct of a war on which the retention of half a continent depended to a set of bunglers who allowed themselves to be outgeneralled by amateurs, and their troops defeated by half-drilled and half-armed levies. We were not only beaten, but disgracefully beaten, and it is hardly too much to say, metaphorically speaking, that Britain went down on her knees to sign the treaty of Versailles. She accepted conditions that were grossly unfair in her dis-

favour, and yet her credit was so low, and her internal affairs so miserably mismanaged, that she was glad to accept even these to obtain peace.

1393. What are the Highest and Lowest Temperatures at which Plant Life will Flourish?

One must carefully distinguish between the extremes of temperature at which a plant can flourish and those which it can endure. Many plants when resting can withstand degrees of heat and cold which would be fatal to them when in a state of active growth. For example, resting arctic plants can endure temperatures below that at which mercury freezes; whilst the spores of some bacteria are unhurt by boiling water. The lowest temperature at which plants can actually flourish appears to be about one to two degrees centigrade below the freezing point of water; at this temperature some terrestrial algae in Greenland, and seaweeds at Spitzbergen, grow and multiply. On the other hand, algae appear also to flourish at the highest temperatures endured by active plants; they have been found multiplying in hot springs, the temperature of which approached boiling point.

1394. Why will Plants continue to Grow under Yellow Glass and not under Blue?

It is only under the influence of light that an ordinary plant can absorb from the atmosphere the carbonic acid which is indispensable for the manufacture of new organic matter (starch, etc.), and which is hence essential for the growth of the plant. The sunlight is composed of rays of different colours, of which only rays of certain colours enable the plant to absorb the necessary carbonic acid. Now these particular rays are not transmitted through blue glass, but they can pass through yellow glass. Hence a plant placed under blue glass is starved because it cannot absorb carbonic acid, while a plant placed under yellow glass continues to grow because the light reaching it includes those special rays which enable the plant to absorb food in the form of carbonic acid.

1395. What Plant, when Eaten, Temporarily Deprives the Organs of Taste of the Power of Appreciating Sweetness?

There is a plant found in India which destroys the power of appreciating sweetness. This plant, the *Gymnema sylvestis*, grows in Assam and on the Coromandel coast. By chewing two or three leaves of it a person may extinguish his susceptibility to sweet savours. The plant is said also to destroy the power of enjoying a cigar. Living plants of the *thamnotococcus* have also the power of destroying the sensation of sweetness. On the other hand, the miraculous berry of West Africa, the fruit of *Sideroxylon* (ironwood) so affects the nerves of taste that sour substances, even tartaric acid, lime juice, and vinegar, have a flavour of absolute sweetness after it has been used.

1396. Which is the most beautifully-situated Railway Station in Great Britain or Ireland?

That at Keswick, in the Lake District of Cumberland. On entering the station, the traveller sees on his right the towering masses which form the lower buttresses of Skiddaw. To the left and in front lies one of the most exquisite landscapes in Europe. In the centre of the view, Derwentwater, with its wooded islands, mirrors a magnificent framework of green slopes and craggy mountains. On the western side, a multitude of lofty summits, rising one behind another in picturesque disorder, form combinations of wonderful beauty. Those in front are bright with fresh vegetation; but the huge masses which appear behind are roughened with crags of naked rock, the peak of Grassmoor towering loftiest at the back. All along the eastern margin of Derwentwater, runs a succession of precipices, variegated with foliage. Looking down the lake, the spectator carries the eye into the wild gorge which opens into Borrowdale, and right away down that charming glen to the great mountain barrier of Blencathra and Scafell, which terminates in Scafell Pike, the highest summit in England.

1398. Which Celestial Body, so far as is known, Moves at the Greatest Speed through Space?

According to Sir Robert Ball, the star in Ursa Major known as "Groombridge 1880" moves through space at the rate of 900 miles a second. Doctor Elkin, of Yale University, has asserted that the star Arcturus surpasses even this in speed, and attains the almost incredible velocity of 380 miles a second, an estimate which, by the way, enormously differs from the 54 miles a second credited to this star by Guillemin, Lockyer, and Proctor, in 1883. Among comets the highest observed speed was attained by that of 1680, which when close to the sun attained the speed of 1,200,000 miles an hour, or over 330 a second. Compared with these velocities, the speed of Mercury, the most swiftly revolving planet in the Solar system, 29 miles a second, appears absolutely insignificant.

1397. What are the Respective Expansive Forces of the Chief Explosives?

The power of the various explosives now in use has been calculated to be equivalent to the following pressures, the figures giving tons per square inch:—Emmentite, a new explosive, for which important advantages are claimed in addition to its great destructive power. Its power is fixed at 283 tons per square inch. The force of nitro-glycerine is 264. Explosive or "blasting" gelatine has a force of 253. Forcite, 250. Oxomite, 249. Pancastite, 203. The better-known gun-cotton comes next, with a force of 198, while dynamite has only 144. Then come Atlas, 133; Rockarock, 117, and Roburite, 24. Blasting gunpowder is a long way behind the most destructive, having a force of only 23 tons to the square inch.

1399. Is there such a Thing as a Natural Narcotic Water?

Yes, there is, or till very recently was, a stream flowing from a mountain side near Butte Creek, in Plumas County, U.S.A., which possessed very strong narcotic qualities. Its water only differed in taste from that of other springs by being more brackish. Less than half a pint would render a grown man totally insensible for hours, while animals driven to drink of it by thirst have died under its effects. It has long been known to the Indians, who have given it a name which means in English "The Big Sleep Water." Superintendent Stout, of the U.S. Geological Survey, visited the spring in the summer of 1890, and then found the carcasses of five deer, as well as those of many smaller animals, lying either dead or insensible beside it. As far as is known the water has never been analysed, a fact which certainly says little for the scientific ardour of Mr. Superintendent Stout and his subordinates.

1400. Which is the Longest Voyage ever made by a Derelict Vessel?

Accounts given in former times of derelict vessels are not well authenticated, and therefore unreliable. Of late years much attention has been paid to the subject by the United States Board of Hydrography at Washington. Their report, recently published, contains some curious information, from which we learn that during the five years from 1887 to 1891 there were 957 derelicts afloat, and that at any given time there are always at least twenty of them drifting about the Atlantic. The Pilot Chart for last February reported there were then forty-five, twenty-five of which were in the vicinity of the usual Transatlantic routes. The best known case applicable to the question, with regard to distance, was that of the schooner *W. L. White*, abandoned near Sandy Hook, in the blizzard of 1888, which came ashore on one of the Hebrides, after drifting with the Gulf Stream 5,910 miles in 310 days. If the "longest voyage" is to be computed by time the same authority reports that the schooner *Wyer G. Sargent* floated 5,500 miles in 615 days, when it was presumably broken up in the open ocean. Only the other day the British iron barque, *Oubana*, was brought into Kirkwall, having been abandoned last November in mid-Atlantic.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1421. Which purely personal quarrel has had the greatest effect on the course of modern history?
1422. Which British subject has experienced the greatest extremes of popular favour and animosity?
1423. How many of the industrial processes of the ancient world are known to have become "lost arts"?
1424. In which English county has the intermixture of races been the slightest?
1425. Why has alcohol so little effect on a person under the influence of great sorrow or excitement?
1426. Which field-crops cost respectively the most and the least per acre to produce?
1427. Has a direct accusation of murder ever been recorded on a tombstone?
1428. Which single substance is put to the most widely different uses?
1429. In what parts of the body is the warmest and coolest blood to be found?
1430. In which modern country has national progress been most retarded by popular superstition?

CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

In view of the large number of people who will visit this Exhibition the

OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.

have decided to issue an Insurance Ticket covering Death and Disablement resulting from Accident during:—

- Railway Journey in Great Britain.
- Voyage, in passenger steamship, from Great Britain to United States and Canada.
- Travelling and Residence in the United States and Canada.
- Return Voyage.

The Insurance to hold good for six months. Premium 2s. (Two Pounds) for £500 in the event of fatal accident, and 2s. per week during temporary total disablement (up to 26 weeks).

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The Corporation, in consequence of large increase in business, have secured more commodious premises at

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

which will be their address on and after March 1st.

Readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY please note.

THE SILVER LINING.

WHEN poets sing of lover's woes,
And blighted lives and throbs and throes
And yearnings—goodness only knows
It's all a pose.

I am a poet too, you know;
I too was young once long ago,
And wrote such stuff myself, and so
I ought to know.

I for my stricken heart found balm
In sonnets to Amanda's calm
High brow, or Julia's lily palm
Or perfect arm.

Which, when she scorned, did I resign
To flames, and go into decline?
Not much! When sonnets fetched per line
Enough to dine.

So, reader, when you read in print
A poet's woo—beware and stint
Your tears—and take this gentle hint—
It is his mint.

When Julia's "fair as flowery mead,"
Or when she "makes his heart-strings bleed,"
Know then she's furnishing his feed
Or fragrant weed.

And even as you read—who knows,
Like cannibal that eats his foes
He dines off Julia's "heart that froze,"
Or "cheek of Rose."

CURIOSITIES ABOUT SWEARING.

DURING Cromwell's reign laws against swearing were strictly enforced by the officers of the Commonwealth. Every oath was counted. For a single oath a man was fined 6s. 8d., but the charge was reduced to 3s. 4d. each "on taking them by the quantity."

Thus we find in the curious old records of that date, that Humfrey Trevett, "for swearing 'by God' ten times," was fined 35s., and committed to "gaol" in default of payment therefor. John Huishe, of Oberiton, was convicted of swearing "twenty-two oaths and two curses" at one time, and "four oaths and one curse" at another time.

William Harding, of Chittlehampton, for saying several times, "Upon my life," was adjudged to be within the act of swearing, for which he was forced to pay a fine of 6s. 8d.

At another time one Thomas Butland was fined for saying, "Upon my troth." Gilbert Northcote had to pay 3s. 4d. for saying "Upon my life;" and Thomas Courtis was fined heavily for saying carelessly "God is my witness."

Thomas Gill said, "I speak in the presence of God," and was fined for his pains, whereupon he had a minister arrested for using the same phrase in a sermon on the following Sunday.

A LOVER OF ANIMALS.

AMONG professed lovers of animals, most individuals single out some one particular species on which to bestow their affections, but Frank Buckland was quite impartial. He cultivated intimate friendships with reptiles and fishes, as well as every kind of beast and bird. As a schoolboy at Winchester, he never studied so well as when a pet snake was wriggling about between his shirt and his skin.

When an undergraduate at Oxford, his pets ranged from an eagle and a bear down to vipers and glow-worms. A friend who met him in the street one day at his period asked what he was carrying in the pockets of his trousers, which were extended to a most extraordinary size.

"Glow-worms packed in wet moss," was the answer, and Buckland proceeded to explain that there was nothing these creatures enjoyed so much as a combination of heat and moisture; he gratified their tastes by carrying them about in this fashion.

The eagle created no small sensation by following his master to morning chapel, and walking up the aisle in the middle of service. Awful were the frowns of the College dons, and, it is almost needless to add, that the king of birds was quickly rusticated.

But perhaps the most ludicrous scrape into which his love of animals led him occurred when travelling by coach in Germany. He had a bottle of red slugs in his pocket. Presently all the inside passengers fell asleep, including Buckland himself.

When he woke, what was his horror at beholding two red slugs crawling over the bald pate of an old gentleman who was seated beside him! The cork had come out of the bottle, and all the slugs had escaped! By removing the slugs, he would certainly awaken his bald-headed neighbour, when an explosion of righteous indignation would as certainly ensue; on the other hand, matters would not be much improved if he left him to awake of his own accord.

The coach stopped to change horses. Fortunate opportunity. Like Lewis Carroll's immortal hero, Frank Buckland silently vanished away, and never was met with again—by any of his fellow passengers in that particular coach.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

SOME time ago a troopship was returning from abroad and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favourite parrot, which she placed under the special care of one of the sailors.

On going to attend Polly one morning he was surprised to find the poor bird dead and knew how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favourite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face and touching his cap he said:

"I don't think that 'ere parrot of yours will live long, marm."

"Oh, dear!" said the poor old lady. "Why?"

"'Cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.

A PASSIVE VICTOR.

THIS is the way in which a hedgehog kills a snake:—

The hedgehog cautiously approached the sleeping reptile, and seized the end of its tail between his teeth and gave a sharp bite. Then he quickly rolled himself into a compact, spiny ball, and awaited developments.

The snake thus rudely awakened was at once belligerent. It turned upon its enemy, and fought with its fangs.

The hedgehog, securely entrenched within its spines, retained his hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged back and forth during the struggle. Meanwhile the snake's jaws were becoming lacerated and useless from constant assault upon its enemy's needle-pointed carapace.

Exhausted and bleeding from its many wounds, the snake finally ceased its efforts. This was what the hedgehog had waited for. He unrolled himself, disembowelled the unlucky snake, and proceeded to eat his breakfast, apparently none the worse for the encounter which had cost his antagonist so dearly.

The hedgehog might have said: "I didn't kill the snake; but if it was so foolish to kill itself on my spines, why it must take the consequences, and I'll take a breakfast."

THE MOUSTACHE IN FRANCE.

Is it not a little strange that in a country supposed to be so democratic as France, the beard or the moustache question should be one that is periodically raised by men following certain occupations, who are forbidden to let the hair grow upon their faces according to the design of Nature? Those who have the most resolutely vindicated the right of their sex to wear moustache and beard are the waiters.

They, by persistent agitation, managed to achieve a partial emancipation from the tyranny of the razor; although even now the ambitious waiter who hopes some day to flourish the napkin in some celebrated café or restaurant has the good sense to observe the tradition according to which his face should be always clean and shaved.

But coachmen, footmen, and all "gentlemen's gentlemen" dare not rebel against this unwritten, but none the less binding, social law, which makes the moustache or beard an emblem of freedom, and the smooth face the sign of servitude.

Servants appear to have a keen apprehension of the truth that they are exceptionally favoured by fortune, and that not infrequently they are far better off than their masters. They think it well worth while to sacrifice all the dignity and decoration conferred by a moustache in return for high living, fine clothes, good wages, and various other opportunities of saving money.

But there is another man who does not consider himself a servant, nor yet a waiter, although he waits upon the dead.

This is the croque-mort—a dreadful name, but one that he will never manage to throw off so long as France is France. It is he who performs the gloomy duty of carrying or accompanying the dead to the church and to the cemetery.

Of him it has been observed that he is the only man who cannot ask for "Liberty or Death!" because he never is satisfied unless he has both.

Now, although the croque-mort, when there is no influenza, cholera, or other epidemic in the air, fills up his time with shoemaking or some other quiet trade that can be taken up and dropped, he has been bound to respect the tradition which declares both beard and moustache absolutely out of place on the visage of a man who carries a coffin or who walks beside it.

Whiskers, however, are tolerated, for they are considered "mourning." Now, such is the contrariety of human nature that the croque-morts are prejudiced against whiskers, and they yearn for the forbidden beard and moustache. Some time since they threatened to strike because the Pompes Funèbres, a great Parisian undertaker's company, refused to yield on the capillary question.

They carried their grievance to the Prefect of the Seine.

who is above the Administration des Pompes Funèbres, and he became interested in their cause. He appeared to think that, death being the great leveller, there was something exceedingly incongruous in the shaving regulation as far as it affected croque-morts. And so by his intervention the undertakers' men were permitted to let their hair grow upon the faces in democratic freedom.

But the Administration only surrendered apparently. Those croque-morts who cultivated the moustache—which in their case meant "Vive la liberté!"—had a bad mark put against their names, and they were no longer sent to "rich funerals," and consequently they found themselves cut off from big tips. They had to be contented with what people in modest and troubled circumstances could afford to give in the shape of gratuities.

This explains why the croque-morts—or, at least, those who wear moustaches—are again up in arms. It will be interesting to watch this struggle, because it is closely related to the demarkation of classes in France—a country far more conservative in many respects than England of the present day.

If you want to make a man angry, tell him not to lose his temper when he has already lost it.

WHAT a cyclist most dreads is rising ground, especially the kind that rises up and strikes him on the top of the head.

A WELL-KNOWN minister once preached in a church in Arran, and at the close of the service was strongly urged to promise a future visit, the collection after his sermon having been unusually large.

"Dear me," said the minister, "what might your ordinary collection amount to?"

"Last Sunday it was twopence-halfpenny."

"What is it to-day, then?" asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum.

"Eightpence-halfpenny," was the reply.

"Woe is me," moaned the minister, "for I gave sixpence myself."

"Oh, I think it must be so nice to be connected with a newspaper," said Miss McFlinn to young Quill-driver, as they sat together one evening.

"Yes, it is so," he replied. "But why do you think it is?"

"Why, it has so many advantages. I should think you would glory in the freedom, the power, the liberty, and all the privileges of the Press."

"Certainly I do. It's a pity with all your enthusiasm on the subject that you are not a journalist."

"I think so too; but you know it is hard for a woman to get recognition. I should be delighted to feel that the Press embraced me."

"Oh, you would, would you? Great Scott! wait till I turn down the gas."

Seventy-nine claims have been paid.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident in the train, steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while waiting on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irreparable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.

£10 will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.

£5 will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing football, or while cycling. Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon for each holder, and is not invalidated by a subsequent Insurance (other than this Coupon) with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notices of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, T'nt Chamberlain, London, E.C., within seven days of the accident.

Signature _____

(See column 3, page 630.)

Available from the morning of 4:30 PM, 1893, till midnight, April 22nd, 1893.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A Fast Ship. A NEW torpedo boat is now being built at Havre for the French Government which is to be the fastest in the world. The speed if nothing is wrong in the calculations will be from twenty-nine to thirty knots per hour.

Winter Earthquakes. It has lately been calculated that at least sixty per cent. of the earthquakes recorded all the world over have occurred during the six colder months of the year. In the Mediterranean and many other districts the proportion during the cold weather is even greater. January and February seem to be the two months in which Mother Earth especially delights in shaking up her children.

A Great Preventive of Colds. It is said to have been discovered in the new paper stockings now made in Germany. The material they are formed of is specially prepared paper, impregnated with some substance which apparently sucks up all perspiration as quickly as it is formed, keeping the feet warm and dry. This should be good news indeed to a very large portion of such suffering humanity if it is true.

A Big Glass. WHEN the year 1900 comes round, there is to be held in enterprising Paris an exhibition which it is intended shall rival even the great show at Chicago. Among other curiosities we may hope to see the most miraculous telescope of the period. The mirror, which is to be silver on glass, will measure ten feet in diameter and the length of the tube will be no less than 140 feet. The magnifying power of such an instrument would of course be enormous. Under the most favourable circumstances the moon would be seen as if only 15 instead of 240,000 miles away. The lady in question had better put all her affairs in order before an inquisitive and critical world comes prying into them.

An Automatic Gambler. THERE is an element of chance about every automatic machine. On a penny being inserted into the inviting slot, an article may be delivered in exchange or the penny may be retained in the machine. As the latter event happens whenever the machine is out of order, it happens with considerable frequency. Some ingenious individual evidently thought this uncertainty gave an additional zest to the performance. He has, therefore, patented a machine which we may soon see at the street corners. You put a penny in and you may get it returned with the article it was sent to fetch, you may get the article alone, or your penny may remain a prisoner in the intricate interior of the machine.

Sugar from Cotton. FEW of my readers probably have any idea of the various uses to which the ordinary cotton plant can be applied. Not only has it served for centuries to clothe mankind, but from the seed a very valuable oil is extracted, while the husks form an article of diet for the cattle. From the lint which clings to the seed felt is manufactured, and now it has been discovered that the seed is also capable of yielding sugar. And such sugar, too. The process, which is being kept a secret, produces an article which is no less than fifteen times sweeter than cane sugar, and twenty times more so than sugar extracted from beetroots. It seems somewhat rough on the sugar-cane that it should be so totally eclipsed in its own line by an upstart, so to speak.

A New Gun. is being talked of a great deal throughout French naval circles. It threatens to revolutionize the whole science of marine warfare. The inventor has apparently abandoned the idea of penetrating the armour plate by the shock of the projectile. Ever since the introduction of armoured ships the gun makers have been struggling to obtain the mastery. But as soon as a gun was made too good for the ship's armour, the ship's armour was strengthened, so that it could defy the gun. And so things went on, first one and then the other gaining the upper hand. The new weapon intends to work destruction by launching explosive shells. The shells it is intended to use would, according to the testimony of a celebrated French admiral, be amply sufficient to blow into atoms any vessel they chanced to fall upon. If this comes to anything, it can easily be understood that the great ironclads of to-day, upon which such colossal fortunes have been spent, would practically be as useless and defenceless as the old wooden ships, upon which Francis Drake and Nelson led their men to victory. In fact, if only accuracy of aim could be acquired, naval warfare would have to be a thing of the past. In an engagement it would simply be a matter as to who got the first shot.

Imitation Quill Pens are being made in large quantities in France. Sheets of celluloid are used to stamp the nibs from, which, after being softened by the application of heat, are bent to shape, and finally split.

A Useful Swing. A novelty in the washing-machine has just been invented. It is connected with a child's swing; and after the soiled garments, with the proper quantity of soap shavings, have been put in the tub, a child is placed in the swing, which is set in motion and moves automatically, and turns the washing-machine.

For Railways. A GENTLEMAN who hails from Berlin has just patented a little appliance to simplify shunting operations on railways. When one truck is banged against another at the present time there is almost invariably a recoil. By this new patent the concussion of the four buffers releases a link which, dropping immediately into its proper position, prevents any attempt at escape on the part of the new comer.

Automatic Electric Music. THERE is a bad time coming for those who have not a grain of sympathy in the whole of their make up for music as dispensed by their next door neighbour. In the first place, the invention of an electric piano which plays by itself threatens their peace of mind until perchance it drives them distracted to the grave. This instrument has an opening in its back in which rolls of perforated paper are placed, and when the current is connected the tune starts. But this is not all. A man of Boston has patented a terrible device, run by this same interfering agent, electricity, which automatically plays guitars, banjos, mandolins, and other stringed instruments of torture.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

QUEEN CHRISTINA, of Spain, believes that children could be brought up with much greater ease if each mother were allowed to punish, not her own, but her neighbour's children.

EDISON, the inventor, prefers women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical machines. He says they have more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men in their whole existence. He backs up his statement by having two hundred female employees in his works.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR uses as a paper weight on his writing-desk, the summit of one of the highest mountains of Africa. Dr. Buchner, an African traveller of some fame, broke the piece of rock from the highest point of Mount Kilimandjaro, which is on German-African ground, and presented it to the Emperor.

MISS MURPHY, the pioneer lady journalist of Australia, edits the Melbourne PUNCH, one of the most funny and successful of the Australian comics. She is a great advocate of Women's Rights, and is very good-looking. Miss Murphy joined the staff of the paper she now edits some years ago, and has attained to her present position solely by her ability and sense of humour.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK sets great store by a gold crown which was given her on the occasion of her golden wedding by 100,000 school children, who had each contributed a penny. The crown is composed of golden corn ears and clover leaves, and interlaced with a ribbon bearing the inscription, "The children of Denmark have woven this crown on the occasion of the golden wedding of King Christian the Ninth and Louise, May 22nd, 1892."

ALBERT W. H. VANDERBILT, the eldest son and heir of the great American millionaire is a distinguished Yale Collegeman. It is said that had he not been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, he would have been a distinct addition to American journalism, for when he was at school he got out a monthly paper written, set up, and printed, by his brother William and himself; and even now, on the top floor of the Vanderbilt palatial mansion in New York, is a garret, containing a small printing press, cases of type, and all the paraphernalia of a miniature newspaper.

A MAN, a trifle below the medium height—certainly not five feet and a half tall—with a round face, gray hair, considerably thinned on the top of his head, a short grizzled beard, the mildest blue eyes, with a half humorous twinkle in them, and a slow manner of speaking in a gentle voice—such at the age of seventy is William T. Adams, whom all America knows as "Oliver Optic," the man who in the last forty years has provided the boys of the States with a large proportion of their fiction. He has written altogether 125 books for boys and all have been successful.

MADAME PATTI has had to make a rule that she will never kiss anybody but her intimate friends. After the last concert she gave in New York, 8,000 ladies insisted on embracing her.

MANY people are under the impression that the Queen delegates her correspondence to an amanuensis. This is quite a mistake. The Queen is very fond of writing long and intimate letters to her friends, and only her official epistles are written by her secretaries.

MR. JUSTICE BARNES is a fine determined-looking man; he appears more like a country gentleman farmer, than a legal luminary. He is said to know more about the marriage laws than any man in Great Britain, and is so fond of his work that he even likes being a Vacation Judge in holiday time.

THE Manager of the Midland Railway, Mr. G. H. Turner, was originally a clerk in the service of the Company at Birmingham, his exceptional organising power soon made itself felt, and his promotion was rapid. He is a man of great energy and resource, and is said to be in favour of cheap fares.

AT a recent charity bazaar, given at the Princess d'Artemberg's residence in Vienna, one of the most beautiful stall-holders was the Marchioness Pallavicini. An English gentleman, who was present, offered to pay £1,000 to the charity if the Marchioness would give him only one kiss. This she did, to the great joy of all the onlookers. The kiss was paid for on the spot with a Bank of England note.

MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK, the Principal of Newnham College, is a niece of Lord Salisbury, and a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour. When a girl she did all her lessons with her brother, and is said to have excelled him in her knowledge of Latin and Greek. Her education was completed before the days when women could subject themselves to the test of a Tripos, but it is believed that her mathematical learning would have qualified her for a very high place among the Wranglers. Mrs. Sidgwick's sister married a Senior Wrangler, and all the women of the family are exceptionally brilliant.

THE oldest cabman in Great Britain is George Haygarth, of Glasgow. He was born eighty-three years ago, and in his early days drove the coach between Manchester and Edinburgh. In 1840 the magistrates of Glasgow offered a premium to any person who would start cabs for public hire, and Haygarth responded to their appeal by bringing two Edinburgh cabs to the town. He also drove the first hansom cab put on the streets of Glasgow, and can tell many wonderful stories of all that went on in those early days, for it was by no means easy to make the thrifty Scotch take to this extravagant mode of transport.

RELIGIOUS instruction is given to the German Emperor's six boys by Dr. Frommel, the court chaplain.

A young candidate of theology, who was lately appointed as Dr. Frommel's occasional substitute, did not enjoy this distinction very long, for he made the great mistake of saying, in the course of his third lecture: "All human beings are sinners," and sticking to it.

He had hardly pronounced these words when Prince Eitel got up and said: "That is not true; my mamma is not a sinner."

THE candidate endeavoured in vain to argue the point with the enraged youngster, but the Prince called upon his brothers to back him up, and a great row ensued. The Kaiserin, not knowing what had happened, came running in from an adjoining room, and though she tried to pacify the children and to uphold the teacher's authority, she failed for once, and the rash young man had to be pensioned off.

PRINCESS MERCEDES of Spain, who is now in her thirteenth year, enjoys the altogether exceptional distinction, for so young a girl, of being an ex-Queen. Her little brother, the present King of Spain, was not born until over six months after the death of his father, the late King Alfonso XII., and during those six months Maria de las Mercedes held the rank of Queen of Spain. On the appearance of her baby brother she was obliged to step down from the throne and to surrender the title of Queen and of Majesty, assuming in their stead that of Princess of the Asturias. The title of Prince or Princess of the Asturias is invariably borne by the heir-apparent to the throne, just in the same way as the title of Prince of Wales is borne by the eldest son of the ruler of Great Britain. Princess Mercedes is a very clever little girl, with all the self-possession, the gravity, and the sedateness of a Spaniard. Alone of all the three children of Queen Christina, she bears a striking resemblance to her father.

FOUR MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID. (TOTAL SEVENTY-NINE.)

MR. WILLIAM BENNETT, Sarah Street, Wexborough. Football, March 4th. Arm fractured.

SERGEANT W. TOVEY, R.M.L.A., Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Portsmouth. Football, on March 23rd. Leg broken.

MR. T. J. BROOK, 33, Holland Road, Old Whittington. Football, March 18th. Leg broken.

MR. J. Mc. ADAMS, Crown Street, Cookermouth. Football, March 23rd. Leg broken.

Having had a signed coupon at the time of accident, the Ocean Company have forwarded each a cheque for £5.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. LXXXIII.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON is such a picturesque person, with his face like a Roman god, his long silvery hair and curly beard, and the traditional velvet coat of painters, that a visitor is tempted rather to admire him than his paintings or even his house.

The latter is, however, a "lordly pleasure-house" of considerable elegance and charm. It is a red-brick building in a distant part of Kensington, but very different from the ordinary red-brick house in that commonplace neighbourhood.

On the west-side is an Arab hall, with a dome like that of a mosque. This was added some time after the rest of the house, which was built a quarter of a century ago. This hall is not so much like anything that would be met with among the Arabs as like the scene of some fairy tale such as the "Arabian Nights."

The roof rises into a dome with eight small arched windows, each filled with coloured glass from the East. On three sides of the hall are arched recesses supported by marble columns. Soft cushions of green silk fill them, and there are shutters of old Cairo woodwork to keep the room in an appropriately dim religious light. Immediately under the dome is a square basin with a fountain playing in the middle. The walls are inlaid with Persian tiles of gorgeous design and colour.

Sir Frederic's studio is of great size, with a high window facing the door. On the wall above the door is a cast of the frieze of the Parthenon, and scattered about are all sorts of sketches and pictures brought back by Sir Frederic from his travels, which seem to have been extensive, embracing wild scenes in the west of Ireland, orange groves of southern Spain, the gardens of Damascus, and the olive woods of Italy, in fact, almost every conceivable variety of landscape.

In the drawing-room there are four magnificent panels by Corot, and a number of pictures by Constable, David Cox, Tintoretto, and many other masters. All over the house there are innumerable art treasures of various kinds, rare old tapestries, ecclesiastical ornaments from Italy, pottery from Rhodes, Persia, and Japan, and last, but not least, a beautiful rug which used to belong to Mary Queen of Scots.

Sir Frederic receives you in his studio, and takes a pleasure in showing you whatever there may be of interest among his curiosities and artistic treasures. Like most of his kind he has no undue bashfulness to prevent him from talking about himself and telling you how he came to take up art.

He was born some sixty-two years ago at Scarborough. His father and grandfather were both doctors, and none of his family had ever shown any capacity or inclination towards art. This makes it all the more remarkable, as he tells you, that ever since he can remember he was determined to make a career of it. In his early years all his spare moments were spent in drawing, and the sketch books that he filled were endless.

It was the old story, however, about a prophet not having honour among his own people, and his family never considered him a genius either in art or in anything else. As a very small child he was taken abroad on account of his mother's delicate health and did not return definitely to England until he was thirty years old.

He visited a studio in Paris at the ripe age of nine and announced his intention of taking up art as a profession. His father shared the common prejudices against artists, but allowed him to take lessons in drawing as a compromise. All his early life was a roaming, Bohemian sort of existence, now with his family in Rome, now at school in Frankfurt, or off for his holidays at Florence or Dresden, as the case might be.

When the boy was fourteen, Sir Frederic's father consulted an artist named Hiram Power, then considered one of the highest authorities of the day, whether he should make the boy an artist. "Sir," was the reply, "you have no choice in the matter, Nature has done it already for you."

At the age of twenty-two, Leighton began to paint his first well-known picture, "Oimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," which was finished and exhibited in London three years later. During this stay at Rome he made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who was delighted with him, and rushed to the studio of Millais to say, "Johnny, my boy, I have met the most versatile young dog I ever heard of in Rome. His name is Leighton, and if you don't look out he'll run you hard for the Presidency one day."

Although he now made London his headquarters and carried on his work there, he continued from time to time to travel abroad. In 1866 he went to Spain, in the following year to Arabia and Greece, thereby adding three more languages to his already large stock. In 1868 he went up the Nile, accompanied by Ferdinand de Lesseps, in a steamer placed at their disposal by the Khedive.

The incident that seems most to have impressed itself upon his mind during this tour was meeting a small

child with the strangest and most limited idea of full dress that probably ever occurred to anybody. It consisted simply of a tiny coin strung on to one of its own strong coarse hairs.

In 1873 he went to Damascus, where he made many studies, some of which have since expanded, of the windowless towers and houses whose stern fronts could never suggest to the uninitiated the brilliancy of flowers and colours of all kinds to be found inside.

In November, 1879, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards knighted. The office requires a good many other qualities besides that of artistic skill, and these Sir Frederic has had ample opportunity of showing that he possesses to a large degree. He makes dainty little speeches and is an admirable host. He is also a fairly good business man and knows how to organise the affairs which are committed to his keeping.

The chief criticism that may be passed upon his work is one that many would consider high praise. It is that he takes infinite pains with it. One has heard the old saying about genius being a question of taking infinite pains, but many people are of opinion that the saying cannot be applied to art.

Of course, pictures are not necessarily good art because they are done in a slap-dash way, but when too much care is taken in the making of them the result is often a wooden, mechanical creation, which is no more artistic than the work of a professional sign-post painter.

In doing a picture Sir Frederic's first step is to make a small study in which more attention is paid to colour than to form. From this he proceeds to make careful drawings in chalks. And then he often goes on to model his subject in clay before beginning to set brush to canvas.

Sir Frederic has not only taken pains to excel as a painter, but has more than once tried his hand at the illustration of books. He contributed a picture of Samson throttling a young lion against a wall, and another of the drama of Cain and Abel for an illustrated Bible, and he also made several drawings for George Eliot's "Romola," in which he makes the heroine a stern, masculine, and rather forbidding woman, but succeeds in representing some attractive interiors of Florentine cottages.

Sir Frederic Leighton has also tried his hand more than once at decoration. The first time he did so was in an old ruined castle near Darmstadt, when he was just twenty-one. The subject was a knight standing on the threshold of a castle welcoming his guests, while in the centre of the picture was Spring, receiving the representatives of the three Arts, all of them caricatures of well-known figures. This caused a good deal of talk at the time, and, though the castle is still in ruins, the Grand Duke has erected a wooden roof over the fresco to preserve it from destruction.

Since then Sir Frederic Leighton has executed a fresco of the wise and foolish virgins in Lyndhurst Church. Then he has done some frescoes on the arts of war and the arts of peace for the South Kensington Museum, which must have taken him a long time to do. And what makes him proudest of any, he was called upon to paint a decoration for St. Paul's Cathedral.

More lately in his life he took to sculpture, and in this the anatomical training he had received from his father stood him in good stead. Especially is this the case with his best statue, "An Athlete Wrestling with a Python," in which the anatomy has been very carefully worked at.

Sir Frederic probably owes as much of his success in life to his good manners and charm of conversation as he does to his artistic successes. He is a man of the old school, and has no great patience with modern men, modern manners, or modern art, though his keen sense of humour has enabled him to view with a good-natured tolerance the comic eccentricities of those clever young men who call themselves "impressionist" painters.

He takes an interest in his work, much as a clever carpenter or engraver might take in his, but he has no illusions, any more than they, about the Mission of Art or the sanctity of its creations. He does the best he can, and spares no pains to make his work attractive to the public, and he has his reward, in the shape of adulation from the frequenters of galleries, honorary degrees from the Universities, a baronetcy, and whatever prices he likes to ask for his pictures.

Sir Frederic's life-work is probably little more and little less than the raising of the Royal Academy to a high social and commercial position. No man knows better than he the ins and outs of the commercial aspect of art.

But as for its artistic developments, he has done nothing unless it be to retard. All his influence has been exercised in the direction of restricting the Academy to the most commonplace conventional productions.

No new theory, no fresh artistic experiment, however full of genius, is tolerated upon the walls of Burlington House, with the result that they have had to seek asylum elsewhere. The Commercial Spirit has ever been opposed to innovation, and Sir Frederic, as its High Priest, has done his best to impede all attempts at change.

His own pictures are subject to many criticisms. In the first place, many of them are out of drawing, but that is so common a fault among modern painters that it is hardly now considered blameworthy. It is also said

that his work is entirely devoid of life, that his grubbing after tradition has killed the artistic conception within him, and that his more ambitious canvases are as cold and unreal as a marble statue. This is probably due to the infinite pains which he imports into his work and which prevent it from ever appearing natural or real.

Sir Frederic is absolutely devoid of imagination. He has painfully learnt his business in the manner that was most likely to pay. He knows all about the art of the Egyptians and the art of the Chaldeans, a good deal about that of the Greeks and Romans, and a little about that of the Middle Ages, but less and less of art as it more nearly approaches to the present day. His art is eminently learned, but it does not live, and will not live.

He is an admirable type of the merely successful man. He has no genius, but he can plod. He probably would have succeeded in whatever walk of life he adopted—whether, like Dick Whittington and his cat, he had determined to enter the Mansion House, or whether, like Garfield, he had had the still lower ambition of becoming President of the United States of America.

If he had been a great genius he would probably have been still occupying a garret in Venice or Chelsea, very popular, no doubt, among a large circle of acquaintances, but still awaiting the recognition of an obstinate and prejudiced public.

A FASHION says that dresses are to be full this year. We prefer them full. The idea of a dress empty is ridiculous in the extreme. We should like to know what satisfaction it would be to a young man to sit by the side of an empty dress.

NEIGHBOUR: "And you expect to support my daughter on two pounds a week?"

Clarkets: "Yes, sir."

Neighbour: "Well, go ahead, my heart refuses, but my pocket-book consents. She costs me ten pounds."

LITTLE BOY: "What's all these women here for?"

Little Girl: "They've been upstairs to see the baby."

Little Boy: "Babies is plenty 'nough."

Little Girl: "Yes, but this is a new one, an' I expect they wants to see the latest fashions."

A GENTLEMAN one day asked a shoeblick, who was cleaning his boots near a theatre in the Strand, if he ever read the newspaper. The boy promptly replied:

"Oh, yes, sir; I reads the paper."

"What do you read, my lad?" inquired the gentleman.

"I reads all about the murders, sir."

A policeman standing near, who had heard the conversation, strolled up to the lad when the gentleman had left, and said:

"Don't you ever read the police intelligence?"

"Get away with you; they ain't got none," answered the sharp boy.

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Signature.....

Available from the morning of April 15th, 1902, until Midnight, April 22nd, 1902. (See column 2, p. 631.)

AMERICA'S OLDEST TOWN.

It has been recently conceded that St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest white settlement in the United States, having been founded by Melendez in the year 1565, but there is evidence to show that the town of Tucson, in Arizona, antedates St. Augustine by at least thirteen years.

In the year 1552 their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, issued a charter to and for the pueblo of Tucson, which, after having been mislaid for a matter of 300 years or more, has recently been discovered among the archives of the Church of San Xavier del Bac, which is situated about ten miles below the present town of Tucson.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

If you require proof that we do, suppose that we have for breakfast a nice fresh roll will we not eat more heartily than if we had to partake of bread two or three days old? Can it be affirmed that it is absolutely necessary to have several courses for dinner? After the second course we only eat for the sake of eating.

There is no doubt that we eat more than enough to satisfy our hunger. There is a universal conspiracy to incite us to eat too much. Say that we think that, as a rule, one plate is sufficient to satisfy one's hunger, and we will be called idiots.

"What," people will think, "not taste the tempting dishes which are placed before us? Call it wrong to eat of them just because hunger is appeased?" And they will look upon us with mingled scorn and pity. If we compare the quantity of food which satisfies a peasant and that which is considered necessary for a rich man, we shall be inclined to think that they belong to a different species.

A fisherman will be contented with a piece of bread and cheese, but the tourist who goes with him takes a tremendous hamper crammed full. It is not because physiological necessity is more exacting in the one man than in the other, but because the gentleman is accustomed to eat, not according to the dictates of hunger, but until all the courses are exhausted—and in many cases until it is materially impossible to eat more.

The Arab who accompanies the sportsman on an excursion in the desert finds a piece of hard bread and a few dates to be sufficient for his wants; the sportsman is afraid of dying of hunger if he does not take with him several baskets of provisions, boxes of preserved meat, etc.

WATER CATS.

THOUGH it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on the walls of Thebes afford proof of the Egyptian cat's service in this respect.

In one of these representations a pum is depicted in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in the boat; while in another scene the cats are seen in the boat ready for their work. Thus, it appears, from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports, that the Egyptians were able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our modern retriever dogs do.

It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water, but this is clearly a fallacy, like many other popular notions about the animal world. The tiger is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey, or to effect its escape from some enemy.

As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will often drag them alive out of their native element whenever they get the chance. They have even been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish-pond, during the spawning season especially.

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 7.54 p.m. on Saturday, April 16th, and two minutes later on every succeeding evening until April 22nd.

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Signature _____

Available until midnight, April 22nd, 1893.

BADGES OF LEARNING AND OF
FOLLY.

WHEN Alexandre di Spina, of Florence, invented spectacles, he believed he was conferring a benefit on all those of the human race who suffered from defective vision. It cannot be surmised that he ever anticipated that they would be used as marks of social position and intellectual superiority by some of the most civilised nations of the earth.

Yet, strange as it may appear, they have been put to this extravagant use, especially in Spain in former days, and latterly in England and America. In Germany the habit of wearing spectacles first began in affectation, consequent, it may reasonably be presumed, on the intercourse which existed between that country and Spain under Charles V.

By degrees this affectation, following the theory of natural evolution, became a necessity, and now it is almost an obligatory badge of scholarship among all those who aspire to the distinction of being considered a savant in Germany.

In the seventeenth century, in Spain, the wearing of spectacles by both sexes was a mark of social eminence. For this reason they are worn by many who, by right of birth, were not entitled to them. It was then the custom that no one carried on a conversation until these brain-illuminators were first fixed on the nose, and adjusted carefully by the dainty pink nailed fingers of their fairer wearers.

Although they were not necessary, many kept them on while eating or attending public functions, such as theatres, concerts, and bull fights, so that they might command by this badge of nobility respect from those of the lower orders with whom they might be compelled to come into contact.

There is a story told of a young monk who, having accomplished for his order a very difficult task, was asked by the prior to request him any favour which it was in his power to grant, and that it should be conceded to him. With grave and anxious looks he replied that he had long yearned to be permitted to wear spectacles.

This request evidently gratified his superior, who, with an air of satisfied pride, said to the young monk "Hermano, ponga las ojales" (Brother, put on spectacles), which concession filled the recipient with such joy that he forthwith fell on his knees, and kissing the hand of the prior earnestly expressed his gratitude for so great an honour having been thus readily bestowed upon him.

In this century the size of spectacles was also a matter of important consideration, just as carriages and men-servants are nowadays. As a man's fortune increased so did the size of his spectacles. And the Countess d'Aunoy assures us that as men rose in political and social rank the higher the spectacles were placed on their noses. She also states from personal observation that some of those worn by the grandees were as large as her head, and that for this reason these great personages obtained the sobriquet of *ocales*.

These glasses were for the most part made in Venice, until the Venetians out of revenge played a trick on the Spaniards.

It is recorded that the Marquis de Cueva with two other nobles undertook to set the arsenal of Venice on fire by means of burning glasses, and thus render up the city to the King of Spain.

To be revenged for this attempt on their city the Venetians caused a large number of these huge spectacles, or *ocales*, to be made of burning glass, and had them set in frames of an explosive material, so that when the sun's rays beat upon them they would heat it so that it would explode and thus blind their wearers.

It is said that this desired and actually was arrived at, but with no more disastrous consequence than the burning of the eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair of the wearers, a circumstance which made the Spaniards very irate with the Venetians, causing them to withdraw their custom for *ocales* from them for ever.

It would seem that the English caught this quaint and ridiculous custom from Spain; but not to appear lavishly imitative, they adopted the eyeglass, that vain decoration of a man's face which Coleridge described as "a piece of glass stuck in a fop's eye to show that he was a coxcomb."

How many men wear this curious ornament for affectation it were useless to speculate; but it is known that in the greatest majority of cases it is worn to give the wearer a supercilious air which he in his inordinate vanity mistakes for a dignified one, and without which he would be unnoticeable amongst the thousands of commonplace beings with which we daily come into contact.

In former days the rims of spectacles were made of bone and tortoiseshell, but this clumsy framework has given place to gold, nickel, and steel, so that a pair of spectacles can now be had which weighs less than half an ounce. Still, the tortoiseshell frame, with long handles of the same substance, is most in fashion for "ladies' glasses"; for with them insolent gazers may be the more easily "snubbed," and unpleasant acquaintances, by an ostentatious appearance of near-sightedness, conveniently "cut."

It is a strange fact that those who have real need of spectacles are slowest to wear them.

DIFFERENT INTOXICANTS.

A RESIDENT of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, says that the natives make a drink they call "aver mich" out of a root. They first chew it and add water to it, and (to use his own words) it will "make a drunk come quick," and they keep drunk for two or three days afterwards.

In Georgia the natives make a drink from Jamaica ginger. A confirmed drinker takes four ounces or thirty-two teaspoonful of the fiery fluid at a time, and the effects are much worse than those of whisky. The American Indians are great drinkers of rum and whisky, which they term "fire water," and it is always unsafe to approach them when drunk. Beer is the chief tipple among the Central Africans.

The people of Dahomey are rum drinkers. The King's liquor-holding capacity is said to be something extraordinary. They also manufacture a native beer from maize, sometimes from rice, and the universal African palm wine is in common use.

The Chinese drink wine or "tsawo," also a strong spirit called "samsboo," about as strong as Irish whisky, which is made from rice. It is said that in some remote parts of the country the Tartars have still preserved one of their savage customs, viz., a fondness for brandy distilled from mutton.

The Abyssinians make a beer called "tedge," which they consume largely; also one called "mead," made from honey, and their drinking bouts frequently end in scenes of licentiousness. The New Zealanders drink "Kava," made from the roots of a species of pepper.

EXACT HOSPITALITY.

SIBERIAN hospitality is extremely matter-of-fact. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays; but this hospitality is the result of calculation.

When a man is going to visit his neighbour, he never goes straight to his house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in. When the "samovar" is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar.

In this way they consume about three cups and then turn the cups upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea was over, the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place:—

"Why are you in such a hurry?" says the hostess.

"It is time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you; you have given me plenty to eat and drink."

"There was but little."

"No, there was quite enough; I had plenty."

This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and, taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the 'vodka,' the tea, the sugar, the cakes," etc.

It is indispensable, when returning thanks to the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time, he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that viands provided are of equal quantity and quality.

If, at any time a man eats or drinks more than his host, when a guest, on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraids, or sarcastic remarks are the result. "I gave them tea and sugar, and they gave me nothing but tea," or "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."

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A TALE OF THE COMING TERROR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(continued).

ALL the afternoon the *Ariel* flew at full speed over the seemingly interminable wilderness of swamp and jungle, until, when the equatorial sun was within a few degrees of the horizon, one of the crew who had been stationed in the conning tower at the bows, signalled to call the attention of the man in the wheel-house. Arnold, who was in the after saloon at the time, heard the signal, and hurried forward to the look-out. He gave one quick glance ahead, signalled "half-speed" to the engine-room, and then went aft again to the saloon, and said:

"Aeria is in sight!"

Immediately every one hastened to the deck saloon, from the windows of which could be seen a huge mass of mountains looming dark and distinct against the crimsoning western sky.

It rose like some vast precipitous island out of the sea of forest that lay about its base, and above the mighty rock-walls that seemed to rise sheer from the surrounding plain at least a dozen peaks towered into the sky, two of their summits covered with eternal snow, and shining like points of rosy fire in the almost level rays of the sun.

As nearly as Arnold could judge in the deceptive state of the atmosphere, they were still between thirty and forty miles from it, and as it would not be safe to approach its lofty cliffs at a high rate of speed in the half light that would so soon merge into darkness, he said to his companions:

"We shall have to find a resting-place up among the cliffs on this side to-night, for we have lost the moon, and unless it were absolutely necessary to cross the mountains in the dark I should not care to do so with the ladies on board. Besides, there is no hurry now that we are here, and we shall get a much finer first impression of our new kingdom if we cross at sunrise. What do you think?"

All agreed that this would be the best plan, and so the *Ariel* ran up to within a mile of the rocks, and then the forward engine was connected with the dynamo, and the searchlight, which had so disconcerted the Comsacks on the Tobolsk Road, was turned on to the cliffs, which they carefully explored until they found a little plateau covered with luxuriant vegetation and well watered about two thousand feet above the plain below.

Here it was decided to come to a halt for the night, and to reserve the exploration of Aeria for the morning, and so the fan-wheels were sent aloft, and the *Ariel*, after hovering for a few minutes over the verdant little plain seeking for a suitable spot to alight in, sank gently to the earth after her flight of more than three thousand miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AERIA FELIX.

EVERYONE on board the *Ariel* was astir the next morning as soon as the first rays of dawn were shooting across the vast plain that stretched away to the eastward, and by the time it was fairly daylight breakfast was over and all were anxiously speculating as to what they would find on the other side of the tremendous cliffs on an erie in which they had found a resting-place for the night.

As soon as all was ready for a start Arnold said to Natasha, who was standing alone with him on the after part of the deck:

"If you would like to steer the *Ariel* into your new kingdom I shall be delighted to give you the lesson in steering that I promised you yesterday."

Natasha saw the inner meaning of the offer at a glance, and replied with a smile that made his blood tingle:

"That would be altogether too great a responsibility for a beginner. I might run on to some of these fearful rocks, but if you will take the helm when the dangerous part comes I will learn all I can by watching you."

"As long as you are with me in the wheel-house for the next hour or so," said Arnold, with almost boyish frankness, "I shall be content. I need scarcely tell you why I want to be alone with you when we first sight this new home of our future empire."

"I have half a mind not to come after that very injudicious speech. Still, if only for the sake of its delightful innocence, I will forgive you this time. You really must practice the worldly art of dissimulation a little or I shall have to get the Princess to play chaperone."

Natasha spoke these words in a bantering tone and with a flush on her lovely cheeks that forced Arnold to cut short the conversation for the moment by giving an order to Andrew Smith, who at that instant put his head out of the wheel-house door to say:

"All ready, sir!"

"Very well," replied Arnold. "I will take the wheel, and do you tell everyone to keep under cover."

Smith saluted, and disappeared, and then Natasha and Arnold went into the wheel-house, while Colston and the Princess took their places in the deck saloon, the two men off duty going into the conning-tower forward.

"Why every one under cover, Captain Arnold?" asked Natasha, as soon as the two were ensconced in the wheel-house and the door shut.

"Because I am going to put the *Ariel* through her paces, and enter Aeria in style," replied he, signalling for the fan-wheels to revolve. "The fact is that, so far as I can see, these mountains are too high for us to rise over them by means of the lifting-wheels, which are only calculated to carry the ship to a height of about five thousand feet. After that the air gets too rarefied for them to get a solid grip. Now these mountains look to me more like seven thousand feet high."

"Then how will you get over them?"

"I shall first take a cruise and see if I can find a negotiable gap, and then leap it."

"What! Leap seven thousand feet?"

"No, you forget that we shall be over five thousand up when we take the jump, and I have no doubt that we shall find a place where a thousand feet or so more will take us over. That we shall rise easily with the planes and propellers, and you will see such a leap as man never made in the world before."

While he was speaking the *Ariel* had risen from the ground and was hanging a few hundred feet above the little plateau. He gave the signal for the wheels to be lowered, and the propellers to set to work at half speed. Then he pulled the lever which moved the air-planes, and the vessel sped away forwards and upwards at about sixty miles an hour.

Arnold headed her away from the mountains until he had got an offing of a couple of miles, and then he swung her round and skirted the cliffs, rising ever higher and higher, and keeping a sharp look-out for a depression among the ridges that still towered nearly three thousand feet above them.

When he had explored some twenty miles of the mountain wall, Arnold suddenly pointed towards it and said:

"There is a place that I think will do. Look yonder, between those two high peaks away to the southward. That ridge is not more than six thousand feet from the earth, and the *Ariel* can leap that as easily as an Irish hunter would take a five-barred gate."

"It looks dreadfully high from here," said Natasha, in spite of herself turning a shade paler at the idea of taking a six thousand foot ridge at a flying leap. She had splendid nerves, but this was her first aerial voyage, and it was also the first time that she had ever been brought so closely face to face with the awful grandeur of Nature in her own secret and solitary places.

She would have faced a levelled rifle without flinching, but as she looked at that frowning mass of rocks towering up into the sky, and then down into the fearful depths below, where huge trees looked like tiny shrubs, and vast forests like black patches of heather on the earth, her heart stood still in her breast when she thought of the frightful fate that would overwhelm the *Ariel* and her crew should she fail to rise high enough to clear the ridge, or if anything went wrong with her machinery at the critical moment.

"Are you sure you can do it?" she asked almost involuntarily.

"Perfectly sure," replied Arnold quietly. "otherwise I should not attempt it with you on board. The *Ariel* contains enough explosives to reduce her and us to dust and ashes, and if we hit that ridge going over she would go off like a dynamite shell. No, I know what she can do, and you need not have the slightest fear!"

"I am not exactly afraid, but it looks a fearful thing to attempt."

"If there were any danger I should tell you—with my usual lack of dissimulation. But really there is none, and all you have to do is to hold tight when I tell you, and keep your eyes open for the first glimpse of Aeria."

By this time the *Ariel* was more than ten miles away from the mountains. Arnold, having now got offing enough, swung her round again, headed her straight for the ridge between the two peaks, and signalled "full speed" to the engine-room.

In an instant the propellers redoubled their revolutions, and the *Ariel* gathered way until the wind sang and screamed past her masts and stays. She covered eight miles in less than four minutes, and it seemed to Natasha as though the rock-wall were rushing towards them at an appalling speed, still frowning down a thousand feet above them. For the instant she was all eyes. She could neither open her lips nor move a limb for sheer, irresistible, physical terror. Then she heard Arnold say sharply:

"Now, hold on tight!"

The nearest thing to her was his own arm, the hand of which grasped one of the spokes of the steering wheel. Instinctively she passed her own arm under it and then clasped it with both her hands. As she did so she felt the muscles tighten and harden. Then with his other hand he pulled the lever back to the full and inclined the planes to their utmost.

Suddenly, as though some Titan had overthrown it, the huge black wall of rock in front seemed to sink down into the earth, the horizon widened out beyond it, and the *Ariel* soared upwards and swept over it nearly a thousand feet to the good.

"Ah!"

The exclamation was forced from her white lips by an impulse that Natasha had no power to resist. All the pride of her nature was conquered and humbled for the moment by the marvel that she had seen, and by the something, greater and stranger than all, that she saw in the man beside her who had worked this miracle with a single touch of his hand. A moment later she had recovered her self-possession. She unclasped her hands from his arm, and as the colour came back to her cheeks she said, as he thought, more sweetly than she had ever spoken to him before:

"My friend, you have glorious nerves where physical danger is concerned, and now I freely forgive you for fainting in the Council Chamber when Martinov was executed. But don't try mine again like that if you can help it. For the moment I thought that the end of all things had come."

"Oh, look! What a paradise! Truly this is a lovely kingdom that you have brought me to!"

"And one that you and I will yet reign over together," replied Arnold quietly, as he moved the lever again and allowed the *Ariel* to sink smoothly down the other side of the ridge over which she had taken her tremendous leap.

When she had called it a paradise, Natasha had used almost the only word that would fitly describe the scene that opened out before them as the *Ariel* sank down after her leap across the ridge. The interior of the mountain mass took the form of an oval valley, as nearly as they could guess, about fifty miles long by perhaps thirty wide. All round it the mountains rose unbroken by a single gap or chasm to between three and four thousand feet above

the lowest part of the valley, and above this again the peaks rose high into the sky, two of them to the snow-line which in this latitude was over 15,000 feet above the sea.

Of the two peaks which reached to this altitude, one was at either end of a line drawn through the greater length of the valley, that is to say, from north to south. At least ten other peaks all round the walls of the valley rose to heights varying from eight to twelve thousand feet.

The centre of the valley was occupied by an irregularly shaped lake, plentifully dotted with islands about its shores, but quite clear of them in the middle. In its greatest length it would be about twelve miles long, while its breadth varied from five miles to a few hundred yards. Its sloping shores were covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, which reached upwards almost unbroken, but changing in character with the altitude, until there was a regular series of transitions from the palms and bananas on the shores of the lake to the sparse and acutely pines and firs that clung to the upper slopes of the mountains.

The lake received about a score of streams, many of which began as waterfalls far up the mountains, while two of them at least had their origin in the eternal snows of the northern and southern peaks. So far as they could see from the air-ship the lake had no outlet, and they were therefore obliged to conclude that its surplus waters escaped by some subterranean channel, probably to reappear again as a river welling from the earth, it might be, hundreds of miles away.

Of inhabitants there were absolutely no traces to be seen from the direction in which the *Ariel* was approaching. Animals and birds there seemed to be in plenty, but of man no trace was visible until in her flight along the valley the *Ariel* opened up one of the many smaller valleys formed by the ribs of the encircling mountains.

There, close by a clump of magnificent tree ferns and nestling under a precipitous ridge, covered from base to summit with dark-green foliage and brilliantly coloured flowers, was a well-built log hut surrounded by an ample verandah, also almost smothered in flowers, and surmounted by a flag-staff from which fluttered the tattered remains of a Union Jack.

In a little clearing to one side of the hut a man, who might very well have passed for a modern edition of Robinson Crusoe, so far as his attire was concerned, was busily skinning an antelope which hung from a pole suspended from two trees. His back was turned towards them, and so swift and silent had been their approach that he did not hear the soft whirring of the propellers until they were within some three hundred yards of him.

Then, just as he looked round to see whence the sound came, Andrew Smith, who was standing in the bows near the conning-tower, put his hands to his mouth and roared out a regular sailor's hail:

"Thomas Jackson, ahoy!"

The man straightened himself up, stared open-mouthed for a moment at the strange apparition, and then with a yell either of terror or astonishment bolted into the house as hard as he could run.

As soon as he was able to speak for laughing at the queer incident, Arnold sent the fan-wheels aloft and lowered the *Ariel* to within about twenty feet of the ground over a level patch of sward, across which meandered a little stream on its way to the lake. While she was hanging motionless over this, the man, who had fled into the house, reappeared almost dragging another man, somewhat similarly attired, after him, and pointing excitedly towards the *Ariel*.

The second comer, if he felt any astonishment at the apparition that had invaded his solitude, certainly betrayed none. On the contrary he walked deliberately from the hut to the bit of sward over which the *Ariel* hung motionless, and, seeing two ladies leaning on the rail that ran round the deck, he doffed his goat-skin cap with a well-bred gesture, and said in a voice that betrayed not the slightest symptom of surprise:

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen! Good morning, and welcome! I see that the problem of aerial navigation has been solved; I always said it would be in the first ten years of the twentieth century, though I often got laughed at by the wiseacres who know nothing until they see a thing before their noses. May I ask whether that little message that I sent to the outside world some years ago has procured me the pleasure of this visit?"

"Yes, Mr. Holt. Your little balloon was picked up about three years ago in the Gulf of Guinea, and, after various adventures and much discussion, has led to our present voyage."

"I am delighted to hear it. I suppose there were plenty of noodles who put it down to a practical joke or something of that sort? What's become of Stanley? Why didn't he come out and rescue me, as he did Emin? Not glory enough, I suppose? It would bother him, too, to get over these mountains, unless he flew over. By the way, has he got an air-ship?"

"No," replied Arnold with a laugh. "This is the only one in existence, and she has not been a week aloft. But if you'll allow us, we'll come down and get generally acquainted, and after that we can explain things at our leisure."

"Quite so, quite so; do so by all means. Most happy, I'm sure. Ah! beautiful model. Comes down as easily as a bird. Capital mechanism. What's your motive power? Gas, electricity—no, not steam, no funnels! Humph! Very ingenious. Always said it would be done some day. Build flying navies next, and be fighting in the clouds. Then there'll be general smash. Serve 'em right. Fools to fight. Why can't they live in peace?"

While Louis Holt was running along in this style, jerking his words out in little short snappy sentences, and fussing about round the air-ship, she had sunk gently to the earth, and her passengers had disembarked.

Arnold for the time being took no notice of the questions with regard to the motive power, but introduced first himself, then the ladies, and then Colston to Louis Holt, who may be described here, as elsewhere, as a little, bronzed, grizzled man anywhere between fifty-five and seventy, with a lean, wiry, active body, a good square head, an ugly but

FICTION.

FILLING A FOREIGN ORDER.—"I say, my dear," said Mr. Timmins, as he finished reading a letter he had just received, "my brother out in Canada wants me to buy a razor strop and a suitable present for a young lady, and send them to him."

"I didn't know that a razor strop was a suitable present for a young lady," replied Mrs. Timmins, who was busy, and caught the remark imperfectly.

"It would be a suitable present for some married women, if it would sharpen 'em up!" retorted Mr. Timmins. "Who said anything about a razor strop and a young lady? What I observed was that my brother in Canada wants me to send him a razor strop and a suitable present for a young lady. Now, I can get the strop, but I don't understand what kind of a present he wants."

"Let me see," mused Mrs. Timmins, her shopping instincts rising to the surface. "Does he say what kind of a young lady she is?"

"No, he doesn't!" roared Mr. Timmins. "He leaves something to the imagination of the reader. I suppose she's got legs and arms, because if she hadn't he would probably have mentioned it. What he wants is a present for an average woman; now, what can we get for her?"

"If I knew whether she was a blonde or a brunette, I could tell better what she would like," replied Mrs. Timmins, who, like the rest of her sex, always associates a woman with the colour that becomes her best. "Do you suppose he means something for her to wear, or some ornament for her house? You see I don't know whether she keeps house or lives at home."

"What difference does that make?" demanded Mr. Timmins. "She's probably a human being; but we will suppose she roosts in a tree. Does that help you? Can you think of something useful for a female who lives in a tree, and hops with light-hearted skips from bough to bough like a blessed crow?"

"You might get her a toilet set," suggested Mrs. Timmins, taking refuge in a woman's one idea of an appropriate present for another woman.

"She doesn't want a toilet-set," snorted Mr. Timmins, "any more'n she wants the chicken-pox. Think of something that is pretty, and at the same time that she can use. Now think!"

"How would one of those new painted porcelain flower-pots do?" ventured Mrs. Timmins.

"That's it!" howled Mr. Timmins; "a flower-pot with a beastly saucer under it to catch the water till it overflows on the carpet! That's your idea? One with broken-legged spiders painted on the outside and a hole in the bottom, so she can use it for a spy-glass! That's the idea! A six-shilling flower-pot for a threepenny rose bush with the blind staggers and a touch of the pip! Where's the pot? Fetch the highly-seasoned flower-pot!"

And Mr. Timmins leaned back in his chair and glared at his wife.

"I tell you what will do, my dear," said Mrs. Timmins, approaching the next suggestion cautiously. "Why not send an album?"

"You mean one of those books for a lot of idiots to wish they were dead in?" asked Mr. Timmins suspiciously.

"No," replied Mrs. Timmins, "a photograph album."

"Don't want it," sniffed Mr. Timmins contemptuously. "You mean that sort of a thing that a girl always brings out after tea and says: 'That's ma, and that's pa, and that's Aunt Vi and her little boy, and that's Uncle Simon, and that's Aunt Flo, and that's Uncle Jess, and that's my niece Nellie, isn't she sweet? And that's a dog we used to own, and I don't know who that is, and that's Clara Morris!' Don't want it!" And Mr. Timmins's voice rose to a steam-whistle pitch. "Do you suppose I'm going to inflict a suffering world with a bookful of old staggers that all look alike and have been in every album since Adam began to wear trousers? Can't ye think of something sensible?"

"Wouldn't half a dozen forks be nice?" faltered Mrs. Timmins, almost at her wife's ends.

"Just the thing!" gasped Mr. Timmins. "Half a dozen pitchforks and a ton of hay. Then you might throw in a hen coop and a cat climbing over the back paling. You've got ideas about such things! All you want is a white beard and a chimney to be Father Christmas! With your intelligence on these subjects, you only need a glass front and a glue pot to be a toy shop! I'm going to buy this present myself!" and Mr. Timmins shot out of the house and tore down the street with his head sunk into his shoulders and his fists in his pockets.

In an hour he returned all grins and tossed a parcel in his wife's lap.

"Now, my dear, what do you think of that?" he asked cheerfully.

Mrs. Timmins opened the parcel and disclosed a huge crimson handkerchief that would have made a tabernacle tent for a camp meeting.

"How did you come to think of it?" she asked holding it up admiringly.

"Why," replied Mr. Timmins, "he said in the letter if I couldn't think of anything else to get a handsome handkerchief. Here it is," and Mr. Timmins drew out the letter triumphantly.

"But he doesn't say handkerchief; he says a nice handkerchief-ring! Here's the ring on the next line," said Mrs. Timmins mildly, planting her thumb on the supplemental word.

"Bless the man," he replied. "Why doesn't he write plain? Why didn't you tell me before what he wanted? What did you let me break my neck to get this flag for when he wanted a ring? If I didn't have any more sense than you've got I'd put broken glass on my head and let myself out for the back wall of a lunatic asylum?"

And Mr. Timmins dove into his chair, and snored lustily until bed time.

"Anyhow," thought Mrs. Timmins as she put the handkerchief away, "I can find out where he bought it, and exchange it for things for the baby."

And Mrs. Timmins fired another charge of ipocuanha into the infant, hushing its startled cries, as Mr. Timmins, fast asleep, slid out of his chair like a load of coal.

THE SECRET OF THE ROSES.

TRUTH! she makes a pretty picture,
Sitting there beside the fire;
In her hands are crimson roses—

Dare I breathe my heart's desire?
To that hand how I aspire!

As she holds my gift—the roses—
Does she for their meaning seek?
Maiden, do not, for their story
Makes me sad. To me they speak
Of no salary next week.

THE COMING STYLE.—This is the kind of way that we may expect the novels of the future to end:—

"And you have no regrets, Penelope?"

"None, Reginald."

"The sorrows and hardships we have suffered, Penelope, have they left no enduring burden of melancholy, no deep and lasting impress on the brave soul that has dared so much, struggled so much, and borne the heavy griefs of so many weary years?"

Not a line of sorrow furrowed the fair brow upturned so trustfully, and not the shadow of a headache dimmed the brightness or mirrored itself in the depths of the soft, brown eyes that looked so fearlessly but calmly into his.

"No, Reginald," she said, "in the happiness that has come upon us all else is forgotten, and my heart is at rest. The troubles of the past are as if they had never been. Believe me, I look with unalterable trust to the future, Reginald, and the sun of hope gilds the coming years with a halo whose brightness fills me with measureless joy and content."

The young man took her by the hand, and led her to the window. "See, dearest," he exclaimed, in a voice whose pathos thrilled her whole being. He pointed to an object in the background of the lovely landscape before them, on which the mellow rays of the sun were still indicated, and her wondering gaze rested on the high peaked roof of an old mill, upon which in letters of flaming red was inscribed: "True happiness is found only in the household where Wigger's pure soap is used for all kinds of washing and scrubbing. Price tenpence a box. Beware of imitations."

"WHAT made the jury render a verdict so quickly?"

"Well, you see, one of the jurors began to tell us about the clever sayings of his five-year-old boy."

TO THE POINT.—He (falling on his knees): "Oh, Mary, may I address you on the subject of marriage?"

She: "You may if you can dress me after marriage."

PATIENT: "You haven't sent me any bill yet, doctor. Are you not afraid to let it run so long?"

Doctor (cheerfully): "No, I'm not afraid. I'm sure to get it out of the estate, you know."

"Now my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop."

In a moment all was silent, when a little boy, shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

MRS. STYLES: "I am just going to Church Street to buy the trimming for my new dress."

Mr. Styles: "What is the dress going to be made of, my dear?"

Mrs. Styles: "That depends on how much money I have left over."

AN Irishman, who was to return to his native land by a certain steamer, arrived on the pier as the vessel was starting, and some twelve feet away. Taking a short run, he jumped on board, but happened to light on his head. Being slightly stunned by the shock, he did not revive until the boat was some two hundred yards off, when he looked back, scratched his head, and exclaimed, "Be the powers, and it's a fine jump, it was!"

FACTS.

More than 20,000 men make a living on the turf.

SOLDIERS in the Italian army are allowed cigars as part of their daily rations.

ABOUT twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

THE farmer in Japan who has ten acres of land is looked upon as a monopolist.

THE United States has a less percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.

BUT two per cent. of the total number of patents applied for meet with commercial success.

MEN attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever, or influenza.

THE combined length of the world's telegraph lines is 881,000 miles, necessitating the use of 2,260,000 miles of wire.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD, Victoria Embankment, is the largest police-office in the world. It contains a room on the ground floor in which 3,000 men can be assembled.

BETWEEN 2,000 and 2,500 convicts are annually discharged on ticket-of-leave, and of these over 700 are apprehended for fresh offences, and 120 for failing to report themselves.

THERE is said to be a tribe in Central Africa among whom speakers in public debates are required to stand on one leg while speaking, and to speak only as long as they can so stand. House of Commons, please copy.

THE peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transplantation and cultivation have not only removed its poisonous qualities, but turned it into the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

PROFESSOR VON STEIN, a well-known Moscow physician, claims to have discovered a new cure for rheumatism by means of the electric light. The light used is a small incandescent lamp, whose rays are applied to the afflicted part through a funnel. The length of the treatment depends on the ability of the patient to endure the heat.

THERE are at present something like 70,000 public gas jets in London, and their average power is that of sixteen candles—that is to say, the total is equal to 11,400,000. Were these all clustered together and placed at a height of two thousand feet the resulting light could be seen for a distance of more than a hundred miles, from London to Grantham, or to Birmingham, for instance.

A FRENCH statistician has taken the trouble to ascertain the number of breweries at present existing in several great countries, and the quantity of beer annually brewed in them. There are in the entire world, he declares, 51,000 breweries. Germany easily heads the list with 26,240, which produce every year 4,760 million litres of beer, the litre being equal to about 1½ pints English measure. Next comes England with 12,574 breweries, and an output of 2,600 million litres; then the United States with 2,300 breweries, and 1,300 million litres; Belgium, with 1,270 breweries, and 1,000 million litres; and France, with 1,044 breweries, and 800 million litres.

A NATURALIST paper relates an interesting instance of a frog's cunning. A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little, it attracted large numbers of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day, towards evening, he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in, and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian; and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose, his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. This plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to May 25th. 1898, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 631. and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 629.

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Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
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HOW A YOUNG THIEF LEARNT HIS TRADE.

Of all the professions learned, or otherwise, perhaps the most unsatisfactory and unremunerative is that of a thief. Here is the experience of one who has followed it with considerable ability for the last four years:—

When he first entered this profession he was sixteen years of age. He had passed the third standard at school, and in due time entered a large printing establishment, where he earned ten shillings per week. He had had no moral training; but until he attained the age of sixteen he had formed no evil companionships, although his parents were members of a very low class of society. Unfortunately for him his father died, and his mother took to drink and became so quarrelsome that one day after a violent row he left the house determined to shift for himself.

Upon the fourth evening after the row three young men invited him to partake of refreshment. The boy had no objection, and the party entered the public-house. The one who paid produced a handful of sovereigns.

"Here's a lucky touch," he said to the boy; "look at the quids we've got off."

The poor boy was dazzled; he had never before seen so much gold.

On the following day he was hanging round the same public-house, when one of his acquaintances, known professionally as "Long 'un," came to him and said:

"Do you want half a loaf?"

The boy had not yet learned the thieves' slang.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Mr. "Long 'un" proceeded to undo a tissue parcel, and produced ten counterfeit florins, which he offered to sell for 2s. 9d.

The boy did not like the idea of passing counterfeit coin (wide pitching), and for two days resisted the temptation. But he was hungry, and, in response to "Long 'un's" taunts, he ultimately yielded. They went to a shop; "Long 'un" handed him a coin and sent him inside. The woman who took it omitted to give it due examination, and the operation was successful. For some time the two made a very satisfactory sum by this method, and the boy became bolder.

"Long 'un" now introduced him to the company frequenting the "Glass House," another public-house in the Seven Dials district. A man was showing a gold watch and chain to some others.

"Was it a 'blag' or did you 'unroof him?'" said "Long 'un."

The boy was interested. He learned that "blagging" meant snatching, and that "unroofing" is a more delicate operation.

Two confederates walk in front of the victim, so as to cover their friend. The friend walks on the victim's left-hand side. In his right hand he carries a pocket handkerchief. The left hand crosses his body and gently unbuttons the victim's waistcoat and withdraws the watch and chain. Should the victim feel these gentle manoeuvres the operator withdraws his hand, and finds it necessary to blow his nose.

Should he remain in blissful ignorance the "toy" and "buckle" are transferred to the handkerchief, the operator gives a click with his tongue, the confederates move on quickly and disappear down the next turning, and their friend shortly afterwards joins them.

In case of a hue and cry the confederates join in the pursuit, pretend to be detectives, and arrest any troublesome purrner on the charge of stealing the watch and keep him until their comrade has escaped.

The boy listened open-mouthed.

"You can run," whispered "Long 'un" to his protégé. "If you like to come with me to-morrow, I'll show you where we can get some quids."

The promising locality was Westbourne Grove. They went there, and "Long 'un" pointed out a nice old Mr. Brownlow sort of gentleman taking an afternoon stroll.

"We are only two-handed," he whispered; "but you can go up and pull his watch out of his pocket. If you can do it without a 'rumble' (quietly and effectively) let it 'roast.'"

The boy went up to him, and asked the way to some place. The kind old gentleman gave the direction and walked on, smilingly unconscious that his watch was roasting, that is to say, gently tapping at his waistcoat.

Now came the most difficult part of the operation. The watch must be detached, and here "Long 'un" was treading on new ground. He was a very good "snide-pitcher," and he knew the first principles very well, but he had not yet practised this little feat. So the coward told his young companion to "knock it off." The boy was afraid to pass the old gentleman again, but "Long 'un" estimated the value of the prize at £20, and the temptation was irresistible.

So he crossed the road, then returned, passed the old gentleman sideways, seized the "toy," jerked it upward, and decamped with the watch and part of the chain. For the first venture he had succeeded remarkably well. "Long 'un" told him so, and spoke of it to the others later on. They praised his skill, and the boy became proud of his achievement, not, however, without some feeling that the course upon which he had entered was a wrong one.

Thieves do not retain stolen watches in their pos-

session. If they require a watch for their own personal adornment, they go and buy one at a respectable shop.

"Long 'un" said, "Should I fall at any time (this sounds like military glory) I'd rather introduce you to a fence (receiver), because you might have some stuff to do in yourself."

So they went to a barber's shop, and "Long 'un" desired a shave. The assistant saw that he desired something more.

"Do you want the gov'nor?" he asked.

"Yes, I've got something in the way of scent to sell," replied the "Long 'un."

"You had better stop inside for a few minutes," said the assistant.

So they stepped inside and up to a room on the first floor. It was a bedroom. The honest barber examined the watch, and being asked about double the price he intended to pay, told "Long 'un" to take it away.

"It's of no use to me," he said.

But at half the price he found he could make use of it, and having paid £9 10s. for a watch and chain that could scarcely have been bought for less than £50, he dropped them into a bag hanging upon a bedpost.

The boy was next introduced to the company on the first floor of a public-house in the Seven Dials district. Here he found a glorious fire surrounded by the older members of the profession, the "old tubbers"—gentry who have done their ten years and are under police supervision. Here, too, he found little children decoyed into the room by the abandoned wretches who hoped to share in the profits of their teaching.

He saw little boys taught to spring upon a counter with their backs to the till, to turn round, pull out the till, seize the contents, and slip off the counter and out of the shop. He listened to exciting stories from the "old tubbers"—of their past victories—until he felt that there was no profession that gave so much glory as thieving.

He extinguished the glimmering light of morality which still struggled within him by the perusal of poisonous literature, and he practised with considerable success upon many a various specimens the art of opening ladies' satchels and bags, and of picking pockets in its innumerable branches.

The boy was clever. He rapidly acquired artistic skill, and the application of this knowledge showed him that "Long 'un" was too incompetent to remain his companion. A lady's watch had been made to roast one day, and "Long 'un" ineffectually tried to break it from the chain by twisting the ring. But the ring would not snap, and the treasure was lost, and the two "pals" quarrelled and separated for ever.

Now, a man known as Mad Alf took the boy in hand. He told him to snatch a watch in Leicester Square one night. A hue and cry was raised. The boy ran with it in his hand as far as Hyde Park, when he was knocked down by two gentlemen. Within a week from this time he was picking oakum in Holloway Gaol.

It is the custom of thieves to remember when they may expect their friends out of prison, and if the authorities would but release them at an unexpected time, or in an unexpected manner, there are many who might escape from their old associates, and lead a new life.

Mad Alf was waiting with another "hook" outside Holloway Gaol when his young friend had completed his third month.

"My golly," said he, "you're looking well. I ain't got no tin, or else I'd treat yer."

The boy held in his hand 2s. 10d. It had been given him on account of his good conduct in the prison. A few minutes later and it was spent. His old clothes were very shabby, but he had no money left, and the temptation to take a pair of boots hanging on a rail outside a shop was irresistible.

Mad Alf called the man out and asked about some boot in the window. The prize was secured; Alf thought the boots in the window would not suit him, and said, "Good day." The boots fitted nicely, and the companions proceeded merrily along.

"There you are, Alf," said the friend who accompanied him. "There's Mother Right." This meant that a lady carrying a satchel was a certain catch.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, stumbling against her, and undoing the fastening of the bag.

"I beg your pardon," said the other man as he stumbled against her, took out the purse, and handed it to the boy.

The young thief had as his share of the profits a "corner"—that is to say, a third of the contents. And he had more, for as he darted round the corner to run over the rule (count the contents) he abstracted a £5 note without mentioning it to his companions. Honour among thieves!

With this money he bought a suit of clothes, dressed himself well, and then placed his thumb and two fingers in a lady's pocket as she was gazing in a shop. The two confederates covered the operation by looking in at the window upon the side where their friend was working, and a purse was withdrawn.

In this way they lived for some days, and after a time the boy tried a new art, that of "ringing the changes." He bought some dummy silver watches (especially prepared in Houndsditch for the purpose) at 2s. 8d. apiece, and going to a jeweller's, asked to see some silver watches. A tray is placed on the counter.

Then he wants to see some silver chains; the assistant

turns, a watch is exchanged for the dummy. Yes, he is not a judge of watches; he thinks his father had better come with him to help him in his choice some time this afternoon, and he goes out. Once a day for six months did he travel to some part of London, sometimes several miles out, and once a day did he successfully change a watch.

But his ventures have not always been successful. He has recently come out of prison for the fourth time absolutely penniless. Yet it is scarcely nine months ago since he abstracted from a carriage an Indian shawl (which he sold for £12) and a purse containing £64 in notes and gold.

The coachman was quite unconscious of his operations. He did not hear the off window raised by hard steel tweezers, but he might have noticed it fall, for he half-awoke from his reverie. The thief stood with his back to the window and abstracted the property in this position. What became of the money? He does not know. £76 was spent within a fortnight.

The fact is, that thieving does not pay. If anything of value is obtained it is at once gambled or drunk away. This poor wretch has spent eleven months of his life in prison, and is once more at the mercy of the world. He feels now that it would be advisable to obtain a respectable situation. But he has no character, and directly he succeeds in obtaining employment a detective says to his master, "Do you know this young man's history?" and so he loses this chance of an honest livelihood.

HOW NEGROES' SKIN CAN BE TURNED WHITE.

PROVIDED a victim could be found for the skinning operation, surgical skill is equal to the feat of turning a negro's skin permanently white.

The question of the transposition of colour in the cuticle of the two races has been given a peculiar interest by an experiment in the grafting of the skin of a negro upon a white man recently performed by Dr. John Ege, of Reading, U.S.A.

The experiment of Dr. Ege was made for the purpose of healing a wound on the leg of a white man, and if it succeeded in this it was all that was expected of it. Not only did it do this, but as the wound began to heal Dr. Ege was surprised to notice the thirty particles of black skin transplanted were gradually losing their colour, and by the time the wound had entirely healed, the new surface was as white as if the cuticle belonged by Nature to the spot to which it was transplanted.

This result was surprising to the doctor, because medical men had hitherto declared that coloured skin wherever transplanted would retain its colour. It now seems probable, therefore, that the theory of skin grafting may undergo a change, and that in the future one may be enabled to change one's skin as easily as the Parisian belle the colour of her hair.

A physician in seriously discussing the matter said that the original cause of the difference in the colour of the skin of the races is still a matter of some dispute.

Some authorities on the subject maintain that it is attributable solely to climate.

In contradiction to this, however, other authorities prove that the dark colour of the skin does not depend on geographical position, nor even altogether on racial purity, by the fact that the extremes of the chromatic scales are found throughout the whole negro domain.

An eminent dermatologist, in speaking of the result of Dr. Ege's experiment, said that, in his opinion, a negro's skin grafted upon a white man would probably lose its colour, the process of cutting disturbing the cells containing the colouring matter.

A demonstrator of anatomy also holds this opinion, but at the same time says it is imperative that the particles of skin transplanted should be very minute, as in the case of Dr. Ege's experiment.

He also said that while coloured skin transplanted on a white man will lose its colour and become white, white skin grafted upon a negro would never become black.

MR. BIZZINESS: "Why don't you work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

Tramp: "Did you ever beg?"

Mr. Bizziness: "No, of course not."

Tramp: "Then you don't know what work is."

YOUR ATTENTION, READERS, PLEASE!

Perchance you want a Society paper every week. Should this be so, remember that PEARSON'S SOCIETY NEWS is not only the most readable but also the most reliable journal of the kind sold at a penny.

It is published every Thursday in a blue wrapper, and is printed on beautifully finished paper.

Besides all the latest Society gossip, there is a complete story every week, and many brightly written articles on topical and general subjects.

If you care for prize schemes S.N. is certainly the kind of paper you want, for we have a page entirely devoted to this end.

TO QUIET A HORSE.

TENNYSON once arrived at Haslemere Station, carrying a heavy parcel of books, and his own carriage not having arrived to meet him, he was glad to accept the offer of a lift home. Going up the steep hill to Blackdown, Tennyson, with his characteristic consideration for animals, suggested that they and the books were too heavy for the pony to drag.

They therefore got out and walked for some distance in front of the trap, until suddenly it was discovered that the books had dropped out.

Tennyson was asked to stand by the pony's head while its owner went back for the books. These were found a hundred yards or more down the hill, and on his return he found the pony had been restive.

Knowing its dislike to strangers, he wondered how it had been kept quiet, and was astonished to find that this had been effectually accomplished by holding a watch close to the animal's ear.

THE LIGHT OF THE HIGHEST AND LOWEST.

CANDLES denote both a low and a high state of society. The early Greeks and Romans burned candles made of wax and tallow. These were of very primitive kind, consisting of oakum wicks and the pith of bulrushes, dipped into liquid wax or tallow. But these gave way to the handier lamp, whether of terra-cotta or of bronze.

In a country abounding in olive and other vegetable oils, this was the easier way. In England the supply was from an animal source. Then a time came, especially in England, when lamps, except for the wealthy, went out of use, and candles were substituted. Now, far more lamps are used than at the end of the last century.

Before the introduction of petroleum into England, candles in the country and in the city were used, either by the very poor or the very rich.

The Queen has never given a Drawing Room reception where either lamp-light or gas-light was used; only wax-lights must shine. No British nobleman invites his guests to a ball where the illumination is by anything else than by expensive candles; and by the latter I mean either those made from wax, as we commonly understand it, or from the finest spermaceti.

When I asked why wax candles were thus used in the drawing-rooms of royalty and the nobility, I was told that ladies appear to better advantage with such a light, and also that it is better for their complexions than gas.

PETRIFIED.

A YANKEE travelling in England listened for some time to a crowd of men talking together about the wonders they had seen in other lands. While others expressed surprise at what they heard the Yankee remained passive, and he even yawned when others were working up to a high pitch of excitement. At length one of the travellers said to him:

"Have you anything in your country so superior and so much more wonderful than you could tell us about?"

"Waal, I just have," drawled the Yankee. "There's hundreds of more wonderful things over in Ameriky that we don't pay no heed to."

"No, you mean Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave and such things?" said one.

"Pshaw! We don't count caves, nor waterfalls, nor burning mountains, nor boiling springs, though we can beat creation in such things. Say, did any of you fellows hear of the petrified forest in Arizona?—hundreds of thousands of acres of stone forest."

"And the trees standing?"

"The trees standing? Wall, I should say so, and not only standing, but all in leaf and some of 'em in blossom, and others again full of nuts and other fruit, all turned into stone, mind you."

"And I suppose there were birds in the trees?" sneered one.

"Birds! Yes, sir, no end of birds, all of the most beautiful plumage and all turned into stone. Even the nests in the trees and the eggs in them were petrified in the most wonderful manner you ever saw. I see some of you fellows doubt me. Well, all I have to say is that what I am telling you is true, and I'll bet any sum on it, and take you there to prove it. I'll tell what I saw last time I was in that petrified forest. There was a hunter who must have been in the forest when the petrification took place, for he was petrified too, and there he stood as straight as you please, with a petrified gun on his shoulder a-taking aim at a petrified bird. Why, the whole thing was so natural that you could see the shot and smoke coming out of the muzzle of the —"

"I've got you there!" interrupted the Englishman. "The law of gravitation would have brought down the smoke and the bullets."

"So it would," said the Yankee, "but the funny thing about it was that the law of gravitation was petrified, too, and so the blasted thing could not work."

IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

POWER was a well-known Australian robber, or "bush-ranger," as such outlaws are called at the Antipodes. He had made himself the terror of all the settlements, and so defiant did he become that the Government offered a thousand pounds for his capture or proof of his death.

Stimulated by this hope of reward, three young men, clerks in a Sydney bank, planned to spend their vacations in capturing the outlaw, with a view to the reward. Before starting off they provided themselves with three good saddle horses and as many rifles and pistols as they could handle.

In addition to these preparations, the clerks had also with them an accurate description of Power, so that they were entirely sure that they would recognise him on sight. They were looking for a heavily bearded, roughly attired man, who rode a roan horse.

They, therefore, had no suspicion when entering the forest near the Blue Mountains they were joined by a good-looking, smoothly shaved man, who rode a thoroughbred bay. The stranger made himself so agreeable as to gain the confidence of the young men, who told him of their purpose and of their certainty of capturing Power and taking him back to Sydney tied to his horse like a pack of wool.

That night after they had encamped and eaten supper the affable stranger suddenly assumed a new rôle. With a revolver in each hand he faced the dazed young men and said:

"Gentlemen, I am Power. Now, obey me or I will shoot fast and sure."

"What must we do?" asked one of the young men.

"First throw your rifles and pistols into the fire."

This order was speedily complied with.

"Now throw every stitch of clothes you have with you after your arms."

Soon the clothes were burning, and the three miserable wretches stood before the implacable man with pistols. When this was done he tied them one at a time on their own horses, and then taking off the bridles he sent them Mazepa-like back to Sydney.

On the pommel of one of the saddles was found pinned a bit of paper with these words: "Power sends with these things his compliments to the governor, and suggests more reward and better men."

RUSSIAN MERCHANTS.

THEY haven't altogether barbaric ideas out in Russia as to the way in which business should be done. It is really astonishing what an enormous amount of trade is carried on in the large towns, for the merchant sits still in his shop and waits until you have come to him, seemingly indifferent as to whether you buy or not; and should any particular article strike your fancy he will scare you off by asking four times the amount that he expects to get for it.

At nine o'clock in the morning he comes to the bazaar, stands before his shop, crosses himself, and offers up a prayer for his safe guidance. Good man. Then he opens his establishment, and swindles a confiding foreigner out of a couple of roubles.

As a rule he is a short, thick-set fellow, with wide trousers tucked into long boots, and his coarse hair chopped off level with his coat-collar, so that it closely resembles a brush.

He is a shrewd dealer, very suspicious of his neighbours, and conducting his business on the clear-conscious principle that everything is fair in trade. But that isn't entirely Russian. All his calculations are made by means of large wooden buttons strung on wire, after the fashion of Chinese merchants, and only the large business houses keep account books.

The recognised time for closing the shops is five o'clock in the afternoon. At this hour the merchant puts away all his goods into boxes, comes out, closes the windows, and fastens the front door with a padlock which he ties to the staple with a piece of string, waxed and sealed with his private mark.

Before finally leaving the place he crosses himself and offers up another prayer, its duration varying with the amount of business transacted during the day.

The chief towns throughout Russia contain their Gostini Dvor, or Grand Bazaar. This is an enormous building, covering several acres of ground, and divided into blocks by glass-covered passages lined with the shops. A person entering one end of the bazaar from the street may walk about for hours making purchases, and remain under cover the whole time.

This plan gives the Russian a marked advantage over the British shopper, who is compelled to pass from shop to shop in the exposed air, whatever the weather may be like.

Moreover, the commodities supplied in these bazaars are not confined within any particular area; you can obtain almost any necessary or delicacy of life beneath the same roof.

The shops are fitted in magnificent style, and as Russian nobility is very extravagant as regards the purchase of expensive jewellery and clothing, many of the merchants are enabled to amass fairly large fortunes, and to retire after a few years of business.

"BRIERWOOD" PIPES.

THE short clay pipe formerly used by smokers has of late years been to a great extent supplanted by the wooden pipe, the manufacture of which now is an important industry. In its early stages it is carried on chiefly at Leghorn, whence the material for making wooden pipes is largely exported.

Similar works are also to be found at Siena and Grosseto. Selected roots of the earth—preference being given to the male variety—are collected on the hills of the Maremma, where the plant grows luxuriantly and attains a great size.

When brought to the factory the roots are cleared of earth, and any decayed parts are cut away. They are then shaped into blocks of various dimensions, with a circular saw set in motion by a small steam-engine. Great dexterity is necessary at this stage in cutting the wood to the best advantage, and it is only after a long apprenticeship that a workman is thoroughly efficient.

The blocks are then placed in a vat, and subjected to a gentle simmering for a space of twelve hours. During this process they acquire the rich, yellowish-brown hue for which the best pipes are noted, and are then in a condition to receive the final turning; but this is done elsewhere.

The rough blocks are packed in sacks containing forty to one hundred dozen each, and sent abroad, principally to France (St. Cloud), where they are finished into the famous "G. B. D.", known to smokers in England under the name of "brierwood" pipes.

The production of this article is considerable, four hands turning out about sixty sacks per month. Consignments are also made to England and Germany, but the Anti-Tobacco Association will be glad to hear that at present the demand is said to be rather slack.

MEDICINE IN PERSIA.

THE science of medicine in Persia lies in the hands of the "dalliahs" (barbers) and the priests.

These dalliahs are privileged to treat the ills of the body, while in accordance with the Persian laws the priests have the right to treat both the body and soul, as the patient may wish.

The treatment of the latter consists of prayers to God and his saints, Hassan, Azat-Ali, and the Prophet, and exhortation pronounced on the evil spirit.

The dalliak deals with more material remedies, as razors, leeches, and certain plants, which his Oriental fancy selects as possessing medicinal properties. He makes no distinction between the various diseases. Whooping-cough, diphtheria, fevers, dropsy, cholera, scarlet fever, are all the same to him.

He looks at his patient and declares forthwith that he is possessed of the Evil One. The treatment begins at once. The dalliak shaves the hair from 'his victim's' head, leaving a large bald spot, cuts some cabalistic signs from his scalp with his razor, and allows the blood to flow.

The effect is extraordinary. In a short time, if the patient dies from the loss of blood, the dalliak closes his eyes and exclaims, "It is God's will." If by chance he should recover, the dalliak collects a large fee, the amount of which has been agreed upon in advance.

Deafness is treated in the following radical manner:—With an immense syringe two drops of the blood of a toad, or three drops of the juice of an onion, are injected into the patient's ears. If his hearing is not restored after this original treatment his case is given up as hopeless.

All medicinal secrets and charlatanism are inherited from father to son, and if a dalliak should happen to be without a son, he is compelled to adopt one, and to teach him the secrets of his craft, that he may be able to follow the profession.

"WHAT trade are you?" asked his worship.
"Shure, now, your honour, an' I'm a sailor."
"You a sea-faring man! I question whether you were ever at sea in your life?"
"Be jabbers, now, an' does your honour think I came over from Oireland in a waggin'?"

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.—"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, "that you are aware the cheque for £5,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."

THE HAPPY BRIDE: "Why, mamma, what are you crying for? Everything is so lovely, and everybody's been so good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!"

The Wise Mamma: "It's the presents I'm thinking of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things—and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charlie will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! Oh, Angelina, why didn't you elope?"

1892. NOV.			DECEMBER.			1893. JANUARY.			FEBRUARY.			MARCH.			APRIL.			MAY.			JUNE.			JULY.			AUGUST.			SEPTEMBER.			OCTOBER.					
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More than twenty thousand people are killed in India every year by snakes and tigers.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.**

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

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THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

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SHILLING BOTTLES.

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REMOVES ALL DISFIGUREMENTS.**



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on the smoothest face, are produced by using **HESUTINE**, the French Formula for forcing hair—luxuriant, growth—failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. Sent free on receipt of 1s. to **Adams A. DUMAS, at the Laboratory, 217 Graham Road, London, N.E.** Large bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

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Are famous for lightness, strength, durability, and speed. High-class English and Continental. With Pneumatic Tyres, or Solid Tyres, from 25 to 35. Every machine guaranteed for twelve months. Large stock of spare parts. Discount for cash, or supplied on 10% monthly. Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

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DR SCOTT'S PILLS Mild but Effective. Safest Family Medicine. Contains No Mercury. A Never-failing Remedy. Are Unequalled. In a Square Green Package. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

TO LADIES.—SALE OF NEW MUSIC All latest Music, post free. All publisher's songs, piano, voice, and guitar. Also, all new songs, piano, voice, and guitar. Post free. 1/- each. Catalogue sent free. **J. W. ROBERTS, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.** Established 1827.

SUITINGS, COSTUMES.

In our Genuine All-Wool SCOTCH TWEEDS may be purchased in any length direct from our own Looms. Great saving effected. Complete Suits made up from any self-measurements. **ARMSTRONG & CO., 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.**

A LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCE.

Twenty-two Shillings and Sixpence well spent in buying a

DR. C. J. COULTER'S COMBINED

VAPORIZER & INHALER

Will Save a Hundred Doctors' Bills.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

By means of this perfected instrument, Medicated Vapour can be brought immediately to bear upon the seat of disease in all affections of the Lungs, Throat, and Nose. It is an absolute necessity in such a climate as that of Great Britain.

It will grapple with **CONSUMPTION, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, ASTHMA, QUINSY, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, TYPHOID FEVER, &c., &c.**, and with each instrument is supplied Dr. Coulter's List of approved Vaporizer Remedies to deal with any case under these heads.

Dr. Coulter's Vaporizer will thoroughly deodorize and perfume in a few minutes the Sick Room or a large Building. It is invaluable to the public singer or actor who has regard for his throat and voice.

Dr. Coulter's Vaporizer is in use in the United States Army Hospitals (by order of the Surgeon-General), and is unanimously recommended by Medical Men, Sanitarians, and Chemists, including Charles Denison, M.D., Professor of Diseases of the Chest, Denver University; W. B. Gekie, M.D., F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., &c.; Norman Allen, M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., Medical Health Officer, Toronto; Cyprus Edson, M.D.; President of the New York Board of Pharmacy; Sir James Grant, M.D., and many other eminent authorities.

The instrument is highly finished, made of copper, nickel-plated, and has no valves or glass tubes to get out of order.

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GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS

AT MAKERS' PRICES, SAVING 50 PER CENT.
St. Marmion Suit Length... 15s. 6d.
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Any length cut from 1s. 11d. per yard. Patterns post free, parcels carriage paid. Wool taken in exchange or manufactured into Tweeds, Blankets, Rugs, etc.
Patterns to be returned within seven days.
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4s. 6d. each.

BECOME A DEAD SHOT BY USING THIS PISTOL.

We wish to clear our stock rooms of this line and offer them at this remarkably Reduced Price. They are worth 10s. 6d. each. This Pistol is just the thing required for practice and entertainment. It is a light, handy article, well finished, and nickel-plated all over, easy to load and harmless, gives a very powerful shot either with darts or lead bullets, and can be used even in rooms without danger.

Sent, packed in a Strong and Neat Wooden Case, with SIX SUPERIOR DARTS and ONE HUNDRED BULLETS, Carriage Paid to any Address, for 4s. 6d. Japanned, or 6s. Nickel-plated.

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IN REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 2ft. wide. These **HEATHBROS** have gained a world-wide reputation for **MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY**, having no equal. Registered new designs, and considered works of art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, including undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

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Mr. C. J. Heath, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and all branches of the firm are supplied by **Barley, Nobility, and Clergy** from all parts of the Empire.

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., Nov. 24.
Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged by Mr.
Hodgson sending to above address two more of
the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9ft. by 10ft. Cheque
£5 is £4 enclosed."

M. Young, Esq., writes:—"Received the 'Queen's
Royal' Carpets, which are very satisfactory. In
addition send me another for bedroom, 12 by 18 ft
4in., and Rug to match, 2s. 6d.; also six for Rug
for 10s. 6d.—with terra-cotta borders. Cheas."

Forty Hill House, Enfield, N
Dec. 4th.
"Mrs. Jessop writes acknowledging receipt
of 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Hearthrugs,
which she is much pleased. Those she had in

factory in wear."

Handeman Glebe, Aukerton, co. Limerick, Jan. 8th

The Rev. Dr. Hayden writes: "The 'Queen's' Rags
Hearthing sent has given so much satisfaction I
request you to forward three more of them, and
one 'Queen's' Rag."—Miss Clara A. Scott

Princess of Croy
Dow. Mar. Landseerry
Dow. March, Devonshire
Duchess of Wellington
Duchess of Richmond
Misses Brouncker
Baroness of Hants
Baroness of Drogheda
Marchioness of Salisbury
Dow. Lady Tennyson
Duchess Dow. of Devon
Dow. Countess of Roden
Dow. Countess of Glancarty
Countess of Albemarle
Countess of Mar & Kellie
Countess of Eglinton
Countess of Perth
Countess of Lennoxburgh
Countess of Devon
Countess of Yarmouth
Countess of Wicklow
Countess of Middleton
Countess of Aberdeen
Countess of Hillsborough
Countess of Warwick
Countess of Essex
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Countess of Suffolk
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Countess of Lincoln
Countess of Westmoreland
Countess of Mayo

Vicountess Torrington
Vicountess Molesworth
Vicountess of Hereford
Vicountess Halifax
Vicountess of Tralee
Baroness de Linden
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Dow. Lady Abercromby
Dow. Lady Aylestone
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Lady Fillingham
Lady Harriet Wentworth
Lady Annetta Le Touche
Adm. Sir L. McClintock
Admiral Rutherford
Admiral Sir G. Gifford
Admiral Sullivan
Admiral Hornby
Admiral Saenger
Commander Vesey Knox
Commander Grievé
C. Gen. Scott Robertson
Quartermaster Brown
Lt. Col. Sir G. Graham
Lt. Colonel Nalman
Lt. Col. J. M. D. Rogers
Surgeon-Major Percival
Surgeon-Major Davey

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CARPETS (Registered).

**TRADE MARK ON ALL
GOODS.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS**

8 ft. by 8 ft., price, Carriage Free.....						11s. 9d.	8 ft. by 10 ft., price, Carriage Free.....						12s. 6d.	12 ft. by 12 ft., price, Carriage Free.....						27s. 9d.	12 ft. by 15 ft., price, Carriage Free.....						34s. 6d.
9 " " " " " "						12s. 6d.	9 " " " " " "						13s. 6d.	9 " " " " " "						27s. 9d.	12 " " " " " "						42s. 6d.
9 " " 12 " " " "						16s. 9d.	9 " " 12 " " " "						17s. 9d.	9 " " 12 " " " "						31s. 3d.	12 " " 12 " " " "						49s. 6d.
9 " " 9 " " " "						17s. 9d.	9 " " 9 " " " "						18s. 9d.	9 " " 9 " " " "						31s. 3d.	12 " " 9 " " " "						49s. 6d.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in saw timber of saw tooth, the tattering, shagreened and varnished polished with beeswax according to the French fashion. The "Queen's Royal" Carpets are very handsome, subdued, and WORKED in one piece, made in rich Turkey pattern, in artistic designs, with handsome borders to correspond. They will wear better than any Tapestry or Felt Carpets, and can be thoroughly recommended an economical floor coverings. They have the largest sale in the world. These Squares never fail to give the greatest satisfaction.

Corrad, Mallow, Ulster, Sept. 1st
 Sir Charles & Kirk Barr, writes:—"Please forward
 me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs
 different patterns, of subdued Turkish shades; also three
 more Real Opposum Fur Bags. Enclosed you have cheques
 Value 10s. 6d."

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (CHANCERY DIVISION.) *HODGSON v. WEBB BROS.*—On the 10th day of July, Mr. Justice Chitty, sitting in the High Court of Justice, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Frederick Hodgson's (of Leeds) Trade Mark "Eclipse," No. 88,774.

**The Largest ever sold at
the Price.**

I will forward Direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount, a GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET, suitable for sitting-room, bedrooms, &c., bordered and woven in colours, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember that these carpets are wanted, and are made of the material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have already been sold at double above price. A Rug, sent with Carpet, 12. 6d. - or Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10s. 6d. - or Four Carpets and Four Rugs for 20s. 6d. - Carriage Free. "We are not a cheap article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum." - *Examiner and Merc.* "Wonderful value for money." - *Chapel Bells*. Hundreds of favourable Press notices from the *Christian Globe*, *Christian World*, *Christian Age*, *Rock Catholic Times*, &c. Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders from my customers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received. Do not miss this opportunity.

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, Sept. 24th.
The Countess Elizabeth of Winchelsea and Nottingham
Dear Madam, requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her two more of the
"Eclipse" Carpets and two Rugs to match. Cheque 10s. 6d.
enclosed.

Aitkenley Terrace, Edinburgh, Jan. 26th.
C. B. Pearce, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets I wrote
for are quite satisfactory. I wish you now to send me a
'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 10 ft. by 12 ft., as per Catalogue.
Cheque 25s. 6d. enclosed for same."

Conig, Wrotham, Dover, Jan. 27th.
Mrs. Phillips writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets satisfactory to
hand. Shall be obliged by having two more of them with Rugs
to match sent without delay. Amount (10s. 6d.) enclosed."

Forcman Square, London, Nov. 23rd.
Lady Juliana Walker writes:—"I am much pleased with the
'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs sent last week. Would Mr.
Hodgson send twelve more of them? Cheque enclosed."

Thompson Street, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Jan. 15th, 1892.
J. T. Potts, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets are
satisfactory; please send four more 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs
to match for the same; also one of your Velvet Felt Brussels, 9 ft. by
12 ft., at 19s. 6d. Amount £1 19s. 6d. enclosed."

Erster House, Southampton, S.W.,
Jan. 26th, 1892.
Mrs. Cockayne writes:—"I have received the 'Eclipse'
Carpets, and consider them very good value, and will be
obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending one 'Queen's Royal' Carpet
9 ft. by 12 ft. at 25s. 6d., with other goods as enclosed, with
cheque value £2 1s."

Waltham Road, Sheffield, Jan. 26th, 1892.
Mrs. Parsons writes:—"Please send me another of your
'Eclipse' Carpets. I had one two years ago; I am very much
pleased with it, and it has worn remarkably well. Payment
as 6d. enclosed."

**TO YOUR HOMES,
CARRIAGE FREE,
4/9
EACH,
In 20 Patterns.**

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